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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—January 15, 1977, 75 cents

Eugene McCarthy on Phil Hart • Ken Bode on Daley

d Brown: Scientist Triumphant

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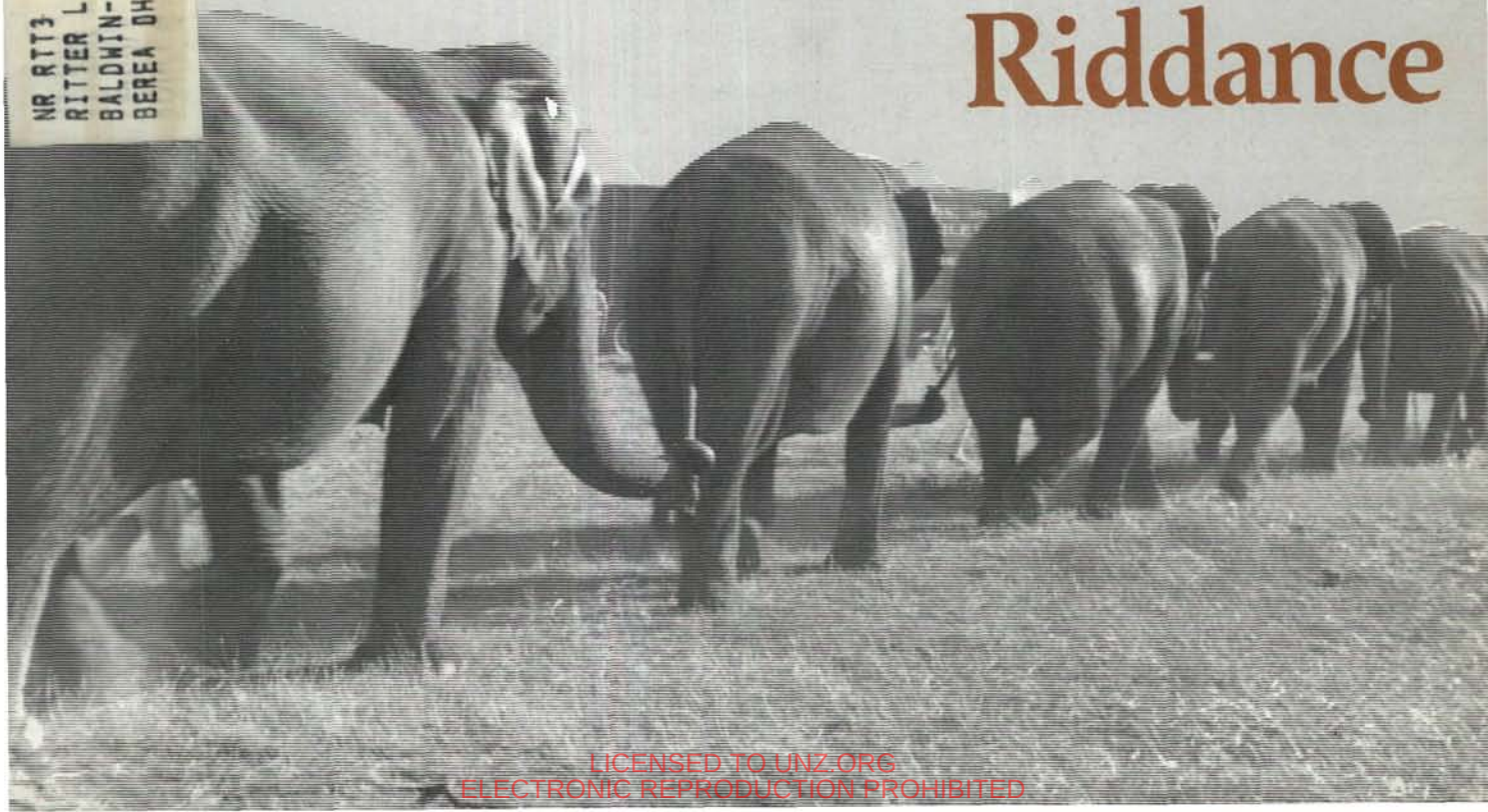

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TRB

from Washington ®
January 15, 1977

Swan Song

In the White House, wondering why he lost the election, sits President Ford. It would be more graceful if he could depart at once but the law requires him to stay as a lame-duck casualty exposed to public pity, and he believes in doing his duty. But if he has to stay he is going to speak his mind. He has told us that he favors statehood for Puerto Rico, and repeats that he advocates reduced federal expenditures, and a tax cut for the middle classes. Though he doesn't stress it, this tax cut would also benefit the rich; he also would boost taxes for the poor (by raising social security contributions). It was the poor, the blacks, the underprivileged who, if anybody, defeated him.

Mr. Ford is too unimaginative to alter the conservative economic formula that has guided him for two-and-a-half years and he is too generous to let his heartache find vent on his conqueror. He knows that the messages he sends to Congress will be treated with contempt. But he believes in them. He is laying it on the line. He is establishing a jump-off position for Republicans who will run two years hence. It will be a strong position if Jimmy Carter doesn't deliver. Almost certainly Republicans will make gains in Congress at mid-term (they can't go much lower). The Ford budget and energy and State of the Union messages are the first guns of political 1980.

Jimmy Carter is making oblique replies to the lame-duck President in this odd exchange. He is holding his finger up to the wind to see if business is getting better by itself. If it does maybe he won't have to ask Congress to give it so much stimulus. He doesn't want to be tagged "big spender" by opponents.

Here we have the basic domestic issue of the recent presidential campaign repeated, I think, though somehow it never got sharply defined last year. Mr. Ford didn't want to act drastically to meet the worst recession in 40 years; he believed in Keynes and the theory of compensatory government spending and all that, but he didn't want to go all-out on it. Mr. Carter, by contrast, offered a change, and got elected.

Mr. Ford's behavior is consistent with his State of the Union message a year ago, which rejected efforts to transform the country through massive national programs. He argued these didn't work. "To hold down the cost of living," he told the eight or nine million unemployed, "we must hold down the cost of government." It was as simple as that. Now he is blasting the same targets again. Last week it was "the new Federal programs." It is heroic! His ship is sinking and he is going down firing every gun.

The State of the Union message is one of the most important political art forms. Mr. Ford is required to deliver one more on January 12. He probably will not rise to the poetic fancy of his predecessor, who gave us "the lift of a driving dream," and worked the phrase into another state paper later on. Yes, Nixon uttered that in 1970 and two years afterward told the country on a more prosaic note that "we can look with confidence to 1972 as the year when the back of inflation will be broken." (Double digits lay ahead.) And Nixon, too, in 1974 waited for applause after the line, "There will be no recession in the United States of America!" That was the speech where he said, "One year of Watergate is enough." He was out in seven months.

Everyone here is waiting for Jimmy Carter's Inaugural address and the suspense is building up. That's because he has pulled away from some of his earlier campaign positions and defined others more rigorously. He also has picked a conformist cabinet. A shiver goes through liberal supporters, though the stream of conservative Ford utterances makes Carter look like a Norman Thomas progressive by contrast. Yet the puzzling new President is still to an extraordinary degree a veiled figure. The speech on January 20 may end some of the uncertainty and set the tone for four years.

One of the most remarkable things about the two-year, worldwide, recession is the highly gradualist remedies that the leading industrial nations have adopted for it. This isn't just true of the United States, where energetic measures are stymied by veto, but of West Germany and Japan also. Together the three account for about two-thirds of total output of the Western industrial world. If there's one thing other democracies want ardently at this time, it's for the United States economy to start hitting again on all eight cylinders.

President Ford is offering a federal budget which he says could be "balanced" in two years. Nonsense; it's a fantasy. The 24-nation OECD (Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development) says we aren't out of the woods yet, we need stimulus; that the worst recession since the war is apt to be followed by the slowest recovery since the war unless something energetic is done. This usually reliable organization forecasts a further drop in leading indicators. Now is the time, says OECD, for a "second stage booster," the kind Congress has been voting, Ford vetoing, and Carter promising.

President Ford himself offers a boost, a $10 billion tax cut for individuals and $2.5 billion for corporations. The catch is that like last year he wants to match the tax cut roughly with cuts in federal spending. His goal, in other words, is to reduce the burden on Americans who pay income taxes (not the poor, they don't pay them) without greatly increasing federal deficits. "To increase the deficit to further stimulate the economy," sagely warns one of Mr. Ford's ultra-conservative advisers, Treasury Secretary Simon, "it would be unnecessary and unwise." Nobody paid much attention.

As a matter of fact, most middle-road economists think stimulus could be given now without much danger of inflation. MIT's Paul Samuelson wants a tax cut of 10 to 20 billion plus expansion (not contraction) of federal spending. Writing in *Newsweek* he seems to be wondering where Jimmy Carter currently stands. The last Democrat to end an eight-year Republican regime, he recalls, was Kennedy. There was a recession then, too. Kennedy, notes Samuelson significantly, had to "resist trying to curry favor with the conservative financiers and business executives whose advice has already served Gerald Ford and the nation badly." He adds, drily, "that ploy to curry favor won't work anyway."

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Good Riddance

At last our long national nightmare really is over. Even those who face the next four years with some trepidation can turn their backs on the past eight with a sigh of relief.

Three men have dominated America during the era of Republican misrule: Nixon, Ford and Kissinger. Berating Nixon is always a pleasure; having his memory to kick around will be a source of satisfaction to liberals for many years to come. In a time of shifting political judgments and uncertain moral values, Nixon's reputation is like a rock. By contrast, those of his chosen successor, Gerald Ford, and his most magnificent discovery, Henry Kissinger, are less secure and probably more ephemeral. Already, many ordinarily critical minds are denying themselves what little pleasure can be derived from considering the trail of incompetence and immorality left by the flanking horses of the Nixon troika.

By custom, Americans speak well of the departed and the departing. Jerry Ford is benefiting from this kindness. His honesty, amiable good nature and simple decency are frequently cited; his leading non-achievements are contrasted with the willful misdeeds of his predecessors. The admirers of lesser evil judge him to have been an uncommonly sound leader. It is true, in 1974 he came as a welcome antidote to the poisonous Nixon regime. But beyond that he has done little that calls for praise. The record of his administration is one of confusion, reaction and obstruction.

Mr. Ford leaves the presidency the way he entered it: with a stumble. He recently told reporters who were with him on his skiing vacation in Vail, Colorado that he was still going to "be around" for a while, meaning that he expected to make himself noticed on the national scene before January 20. Apparently he wanted to recapture some of the attention that Jimmy and the other Carters have stolen from the White House since the election.

Casting about for some subject upon which to assert his fast-receding presidential authority, Ford inexplicably zeroed in on the poor, defenseless US territory of Puerto Rico. He announced out of the blue on New Year's Eve that he had decided Puerto Rico should become the 51st state. Ford had not spoken with many Puerto Ricans before making this announcement. Carlos Romero Barcelo, who was about to be sworn into office as their new governor, knew nothing

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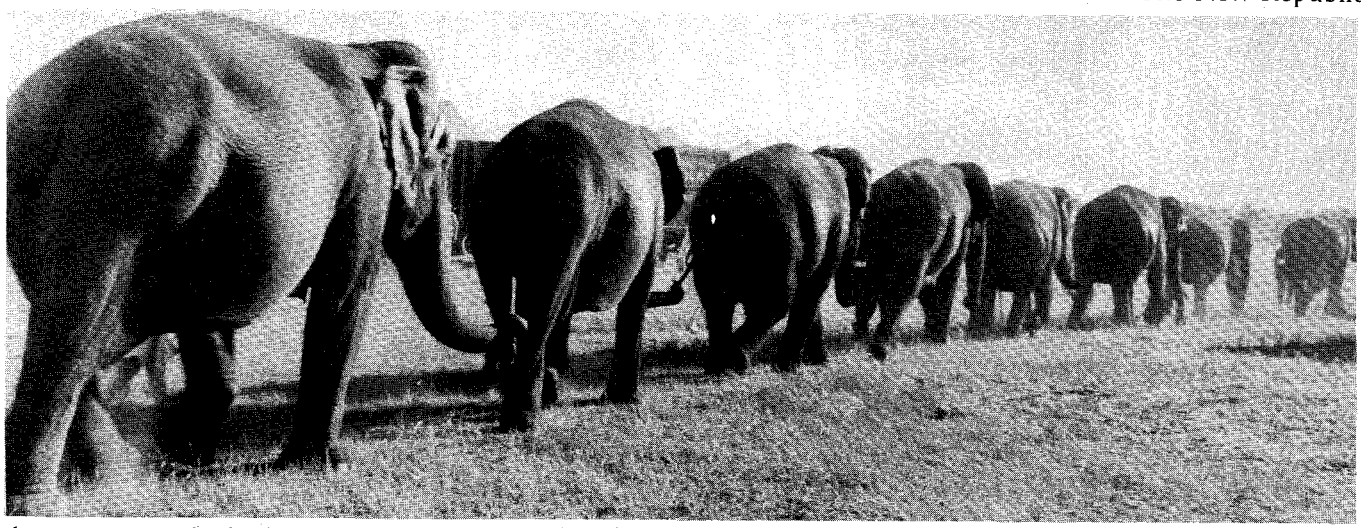

about it. Barcelo had won on a program that had emphasized Puerto Rico's economic needs; statehood had not been a major issue in the campaign. In his inaugural speech on January 2, Barcelo made no reference to Ford's statehood plan. The last time Puerto Rico voted specifically on the question, 60 percent were opposed to joining the Union.

Another indication that Ford spoke precipitously was the reaction of his own administration. The solicitor's office at the Interior Department, which handles Puerto Rican affairs, began feverish work last week drafting legislation to go along with Ford's decision. But the solicitor said it would be very difficult to get the task done before the inauguration, presumably because the Interior Department had had no inkling of Ford's plan until he announced it. Ford's press secretary agreed that the statehood bill might not be ready for passage before January 20. In any event, no one is waiting for it and nothing will come of it.

As a wild improvisation, ill-informed, badly timed, bungled in execution and doomed from the start, the little Puerto Rico caper typified the policymaking of the Ford administration. The Presidential Papers of his two-and-a-half-year tenure, which Ford so generously has donated to the nation, will demonstrate to future scholars—long after the general public has forgotten the pathetic details —why as late as three years ago it never had occurred to anyone but Richard Nixon that Jerry Ford was a suitable candidate for the nation's highest office.

Stroll with us down memory lane. Remember the WIN campaign? At a moment when the American economy was poised on the brink of the most serious recession since the 1930s, Ford prescribed for the American people a regimen of tight fiscal discipline and lapel buttons, in order to combat an inflation that already was well past its peak. Since the economy already was headed for the deep freeze (unemployment was rising, factories closing, output declining), it was like applying ice (and lapel buttons) to a victim of frostbite. Three months later the program was scrapped. Ford went into reverse and did what Democrats and outside economists had been recommending for months: he offered to cut taxes by $16 billion.

Ford's next bad idea came early in 1975: the oil import surtax. The price of foreign oil already had quadrupled in two years, contributing heavily to the recession, but Ford proposed to raise it still further by taxing imports at the rate of three dollars a barrel. The tax was to be levied in three stages, a dollar a month, until the full amount had been imposed on April 1. The outcry was loud. Congress moved to stop the President with legislation. And then, not long after Ford had raised the tariff to two dollars by executive fiat, he called off the whole program in a political compromise with the Democrats. Oil prices declined somewhat, to the relief of consumers. Long after the fight was over, the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals ruled the tariff illegal.

While waiting to tee off in Palm Springs, Ford can take comfort in reflecting that if none of his own proposals came to anything, at least he prevented anyone else's from doing so. Ford vetoed 66 bills passed and sent to him by the Democratic Congress. That's not a record—FDR vetoed 635 bills during his 12 years in office. But it's quite an achievement for someone who had never run for President or even governor before stepping into the White House. It took gall. One proposal Ford vetoed frequently, always on grounds that it would cost the government too much, was a bill to provide public employment for people out of work. He vetoed legislation of this kind once in 1975 and twice in 1976, preferring to extend temporary unemployment benefits (a sort of welfare) and wait for better days. Among the other proposals he vetoed were bills to regulate strip mining, to create a consumer protection agency and to revive or stimulate needed programs in health, education, housing, nutrition. He set himself the task of obstructing the Democratic Congress, but offered next to nothing of his own, save the prospect of a passive government. His only major social promise—to create a federal health insurance program—came to nothing.

This record shows that incompetence is one of only two dominant leitmotifs of the Ford administration.

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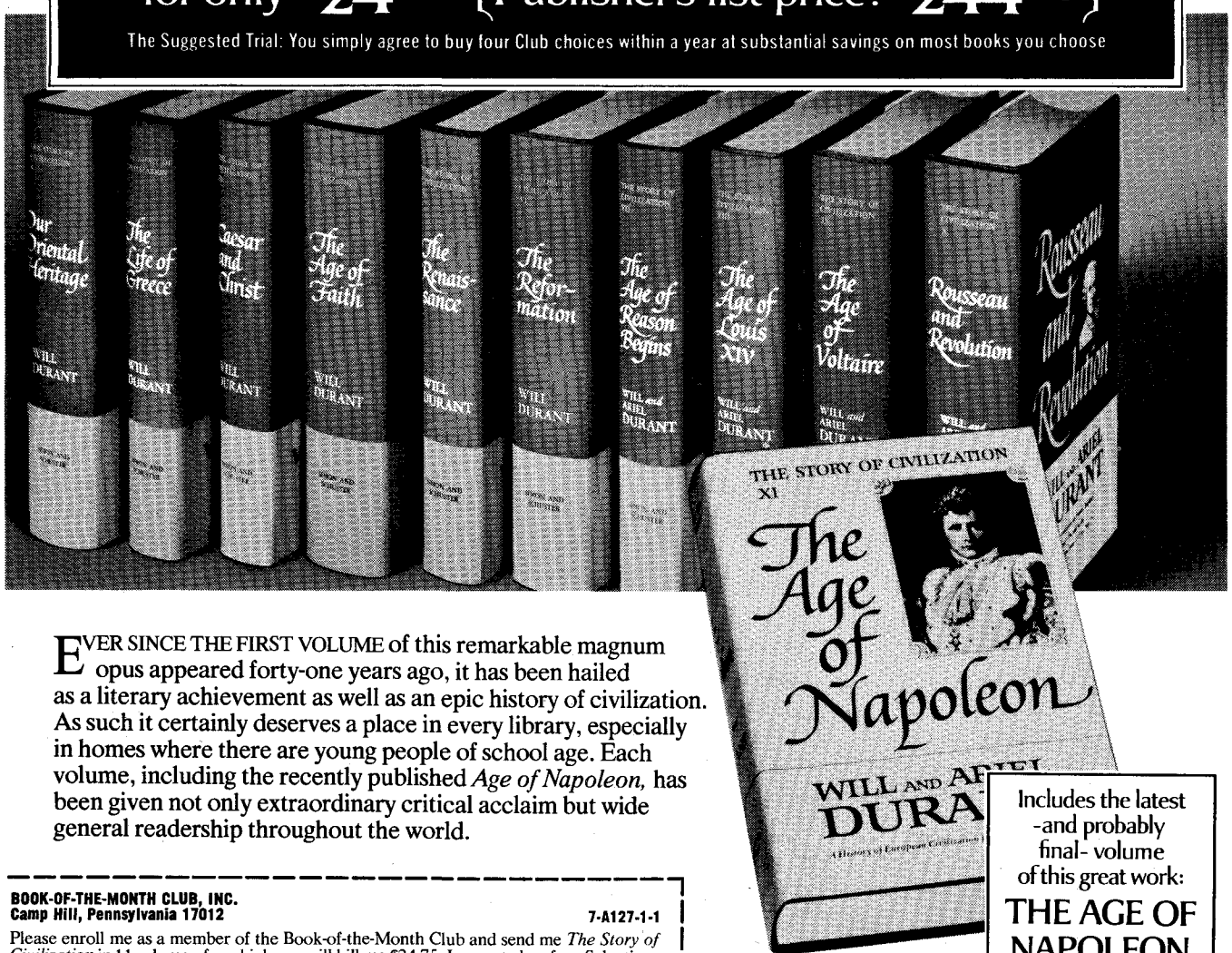

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Indeed Ford's incompetence is something for which we perhaps should be grateful, because it appears that Ford—unlike Nixon—was in his own dim way a principled reactionary. Jerry Ford may be a "nice guy" in his personal relations, but his social and economic policies have shown no indication of any fellow feeling with less fortunate Americans. By contrast Jimmy Carter has a reputation for being personally cold; but he appears determined to use the tools of government to help those who need help. We think it's a happy trade-off.

The kind words one hears for Henry Kissinger these days are differently motivated from those one hears about Ford. No one ever has accused Henry of being a nice guy. Instead, there seems to be a genuine widespread admiration for his mysterious talents and his achievements of the past eight years. We too admire some of his accomplishments. His domination of US foreign policy and his captivation of the press pundits have been so complete, however, that many sages now ask themselves in agony and in doubt and in print: How will the world survive without Kissinger? We think it's likely to survive nicely, thank you.

Even after Kissinger has left, it appears that we will remain captives of the Kissinger myth. During the fall campaign, candidate Carter paid lip service to the notion that foreign policy should have a moral component (a notion that Kissinger himself suddenly had discovered while in Africa the previous spring). But President-elect Carter's national-security appointments indicate that the recondite chess-game approach to foreign policy, which Kissinger has made to seem *de rigueur*, will continue. Will his successors play the game as skillfully as he did? Probably not.

Kissinger's greatest act of legerdemain was Vietnam. Even today, with nothing left of the Paris accords and indeed nothing left of what even the most hardened hawk thought we were accomplishing by the years of slaughter (the worst of which came during the Kissinger regency), we still hear it said that Kissinger brought peace to Vietnam. Kissinger brought peace to Vietnam the same way Napoleon brought peace to Europe: by losing.

It is clear from Vietnam that Kissinger's magic operates on the appearance of situations and not on the reality (whatever havoc on reality the unmagical side effects may wreak). Indeed Kissinger's greatest talent seems to be his ability to orchestrate the graceful disguise of surrender. Once this is seen as the operative principle behind Kissinger's dazzling technique, it becomes clear how fortunate we are that he didn't have enough time to meddle more thoroughly in the Middle East. Even so, by attempting to expunge the moral element from foreign policy, he has undermined the position of an ally—Israel—whose primary claim on US support is a moral one.

Kissinger's last attempt to masquerade surrender as something more palatable was in Rhodesia. Like Ford's Puerto Rico gambit, Kissinger's Rhodesia flurry with its shuttles and smiling photographs and bogus peace conferences was a comic-opera *précis* of all his earlier fiascos. Trouble is, the old magic tricks don't fool as many people the third or fourth time around. Certainly they did not fool Ian Smith. He was not interested in Kissinger's kind of "peace." Soon, we hope, he will have to accept what he deserves: undisguised surrender.

The newspapers reported last week that William Paley would like to have Kissinger replace him as chairman of the Columbia Broadcasting System. (No one is offering Gerald Ford an equivalent opportunity to supplement his quite adequate government pension). We think this job may be perfectly suited for Kissinger's declining years. Leaving behind the well-dressed wreckage of the Western alliance, he can devote his conjuring talents to televisionland, where they won't do anybody any harm.

Nixon, Kissinger, Ford, Agnew, Mitchell, Butz, Connally, Haig, Rogers, Helms, Simon, Greenspan, Richardson, Rockefeller, Laird, Whitehead, Rumsfeld, Kleindienst, Finch, Gray. . . The list of clods, malefactors, narrow-minded reactionary zealots, egomaniacs, flunkies, lame-brains goes on and on. Good riddance to them all.

Philip Hart

Certainly the death of Senator Philip Hart was a tragedy. Not his physical death, but the political death which he accepted when, long before he became physically ill, he decided not to run again for the Senate of the United States. Then on the edge of despair, still professing faith in American democracy, he spoke of the need that he be replaced by someone of more faith; for his own faith, sustained largely by act of will, had grown too weak.

Philip Hart was a politician. He recognized politics as an honorable, necessary and difficult vocation. He practiced it not as the "art of the possible," which is a wholly inadequate definition, but as a discipline of mind and of will, as a profession which should carry the common good beyond what is considered prudent and possible. He knew that politics is not a game to be scored, to be marked by winning and losing, but rather a continuing challenge. He understood Plutarch's definition and description of politics:

> *They are wrong who think that politics is like an ocean voyage or a military campaign, something to be done with some particular end in view, something which leaves off as soon as that end is reached. It is not a public chore, to be got*

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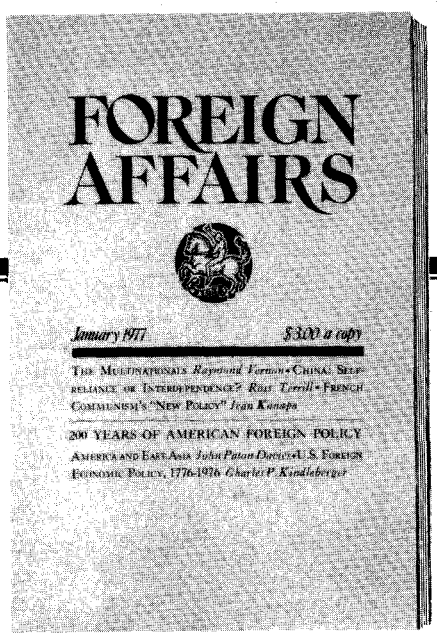
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over with. It is a way of life. It is the life of a domesticated political and social creature who is born with a love for public life, with a desire for honor, with a feeling for his fellows; and it lasts as long as need be. . . .

Politics and philosophy are alike. Socrates neither set out benches for his students, nor sat on a platform, nor set hours for his lectures. He was philosophizing all the time—while he was joking, while he was drinking, while he was soldiering, whenever he met you on the street, and at the end when he was in prison and drinking the poison. He was the first to show that all your life, all the time, in everything you do, whatever you are doing, is the time for philosophy. And so also it is of politics.

Philip Hart did not labor within the easy range of the obvious and the popular during his years in the Senate. His name is not associated with the easily-drafted, often oversimplified, fashionable bills: not with food stamps, nor the Peace Corps, nor scholarship programs, although he supported all of these.

He was called the "principal sponsor" of some other legislation, an identification which may mean much or little. In his case, it was deserved. He was properly credited with being the principal author, or certainly a major author and defender, of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, Truth in Lending, Truth in Packaging, and major revisions of the anti-trust laws. Each of these was complicated and controversial, calling for patience and masterly legal craftmanship. Phil Hart believed that law could provide structure and order in society. His law was not absolutist; rather it was designed to set limits and guides.

He did not seek to be "the conscience of the Senate," as some have described him. His method was not to express moral judgment or indignation, but to make the reasoned and the pragmatic argument. Even when he attempted to remove Sen. Eastland, of Mississippi, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate, from the line of succession to the presidency, he made no case on moral grounds. He simply said that not to change the order of succession was "outrageous" and beyond any reasonable comprehension.

I do not think he would have accepted statements, made by some of his colleagues from the Senate, that he "cut through every issue to find the truth and then laid that truth out for all to see." He was too modest and too honest to accept any such credit. Rather his effort was to come close to truth, to work around it, and there on the edge to ask his colleagues—sometimes to urge them, but with modest hesitation and some expression of doubt on his part—to take the next step. He asked them to take the risk as an act of civil faith that the commitments of the Declaration of Independence could be realized, but only if they were willing to take chances on the side of liberty and of trust.

Phil Hart was not indecisive, as some of his critics have said he was. Like Adlai Stevenson, against whom the same charge was made, he refused to give a simple and immediate response to demands for decision when decision was not called for. He studied and reflected, and when ready he drew the line and marked the threshold. Then only he would say to his Senate colleagues, "This is as far as I can or will take you. You may cross over with me, if you will, or stand back; but as for me, I have made the choice of crossing."

In the judgment of some, he was late in opposing the war in Vietnam; but when he declared against it, he left those others who were still supporting it with no defense. In the judgment of some, and by his own statement, he was late in coming to any critical conclusion about the activities of the CIA and the FBI. When the facts were made clear to him, in the hearings of the Senate committee investigation of those two agencies, his judgment was harsh and final.

He may have been late in asking for amnesty for Vietnam draft evaders and resisters, and for deserters from that war. But when his mind was made up, his dedication to securing amnesty was total, both as a person, and as a member of the Senate. Shortly before his death, he spoke of an amnesty bill that he had introduced in the Senate as one unfinished piece of work that he regretted leaving behind. His wife Jane spoke for him when, following his death, she received a call from President Ford, asking whether there was anything he could do for her. Her answer was that he could "declare amnesty for all Vietnam protesters, draft evaders and deserters."

Philip Hart was a man out of his proper time. He was meant for the Age of Faith, or at least for the declining years of that age, when men like Thomas More could make their final defense, beyond the civil law, in religious belief. Philip Hart spoke seriously of God, of Heaven, of the religious obligations as they bore upon private life and upon political action. "Would there be segregation in Heaven?" he asked in a Senate hearing. "What of our obligation to practice, as a society, the corporal works of mercy?" He could have said without hypocrisy or apology, as Thomas More said just before his death, that he had been in all things the King's good servant, but God's good servant first. Philip Hart was the good servant of his own time, of his family, of his country, of its laws, and of its political institutions, especially of the Senate. But in all of these, because of his own compelling religious beliefs, he was God's good servant first. He was not only pleasing to God; he also met the sometimes more difficult test of being pleasing to man.

While he was ill, I read to him from the Gaelic poet Raftery these lines about the Plains of Mayo:

After Christmas, I will go to the sharp edged little hill; for it is a fine place without fog falling: a blessed place that the sun shines on, and the wind doesn't rise there or anything of

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the sort. . . .The lamb and the sheep are there; the cow and the calf are there, fine lands are there without heath and without bog. There are oats and flax and large-eared barley. There are valleys with good growth in them and hay. Rods grow there and bushes and tufts; white fields are there and respect for trees; shade and shelter from wind and rain; priests and friars reading their books; spending and getting is there, and nothing scarce. And if I were standing in the middle of my people, age would go from me, and I would be young again.

He asked to hold the book and touched the inscription in it, written by the daughter of William Butler Yeats.

Eugene J. McCarthy

Mr. McCarthy is a former senator from Minnesota.

White House Watch

Bleeding for Jimmy

A fellow who knows a lot about the preliminary agonies involved in organizing Jimmy Carter's White House staff said in reference to the West Wing, where Presidents' chief assistants have their offices, "I guarantee you, that place is going to be knee-deep in blood."

He was speaking in the first week of January, 16 days before President-elect James Earl Carter, Jr. was to be inaugurated, about the rivalries, uncertainties, procrastination and concerns without precedent in White House history that were complicating and delaying the announcement of most of the new President's choices for senior appointments to his staff, and his decisions on how that staff was to be organized. The mishmash of factors that contributed to the agonies and the delay provided indicative insights into the character and working ways of Jimmy Carter, and into the predictable atmosphere of his early presidency.

The unprecedented concerns had to do with the ethnic, racial and sexual mix of White House staff appointees that Carter insisted upon. Nothing like it had occurred in previous presidencies. Beginning with Harry Truman's presidency (1945-53), and peaking in the presidency of Richard Nixon, the number of assistants appointed to the White House staff because they were blacks, women, or in rapport with such special-interest groups as union labor, had been increasing but remained small. To some extent under Nixon and to a larger but still minor extent under Gerald Ford, a few blacks and women had assignments that went beyond token representation. Anne Armstrong, the retiring US ambassador in London, dealt with general domestic affairs when she was on the Nixon and Ford staffs. Richard Parsons, a black lawyer and Nelson Rockefeller protégé who was put on the Domestic Council staff, was considered by colleagues to be among the best Ford assistants. He never regarded himself and was not regarded as a black speaking for and to blacks. But they were exceptions. Generally, women and blacks and Hispanics on the Nixon and Ford staffs were there because they were women, blacks and Hispanics. Carter insists that at the White House, as throughout the federal departments and agencies, women, blacks and ethnic Americans be appointed to functional staff jobs and that special representation of the sort that has prevailed in the past be abolished. His traditional talent hunters in Washington acknowledge that finding competent prospects who meet the Carter criteria proved to be unexpectedly difficult and delayed the process of selection and announcement.

This was not the sole reason for delay. Among other factors was Jimmy Carter's rule that nothing connected with the staffing and pattern of his administration and especially of his White House is final until he says it is. For a candidate and President-elect who has made as much as he has of delegating authority to others and away from the White House, he in the preliminary phase displayed a remarkable tendency toward reserving final decisions to himself. As late as January 5, for instance, the important question of whether to keep an adequate domestic affairs staff within his White House establishment, or to farm that vital responsibility out to the principal domestic departments and agencies with minimal coordination from the White House, was undecided because Carter had not put his mind to it and would not let anybody else decide it for him. Stuart Eizenstat, the Atlanta lawyer who headed Carter's issues staff during the primary and election campaigns and has been on similar transition duty in Washington, was reduced to fighting for enough staff to enable him to do a good job as the President's assistant for domestic affairs. That the issue should arise was a depressing commentary upon the level of pre-inaugural understanding of the staff support that any President and any President's chief assistants must have if they are to be effective. A more flattering explanation of Carter's delay in deciding upon his initial staff pattern was advanced. This was that he doesn't want to begin his presidency with a rigidly structured staff system; he wants to have time to learn from experience, try alternative arrangements, and settle later in 1977 on the system that suits him. That makes sense and explains much that otherwise would suggest that no other incoming President in contemporary memory has been so ignorant of the basic necessities of the office.

There have been some basic decisions, though all of them in early January were tentative and dependent upon Carter's approval. One of the decisions was to implement, after six years of neglect, the topside management mission that Richard Nixon professed to launch in 1970 when he renamed the old Bureau of the

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Budget the Office of Management and Budget and made former Secretary of Labor George Shultz its first director. Under Nixon and then Ford, nothing much ever came of the "management" mission. Carter's OMB director-designate, Georgia banker Bert Lance, decided early in January—subject of course to the President-elect's okay—to split the office into two divisions commensurate with its name, one dealing with preparation of the federal budget and the other with management and nothing else. Harrison Wellford, a North Carolina attorney and former assistant to the late Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, who has directed the Carter transition study of governmental reorganization, has been asked to head the revised OMB's management division. Wellford wants it understood that the idea is not to manage the whole government from the OMB. It is to study present management systems, and departmental and bureau organizations, and to recommend the organizational changes and reforms that Carter promised.

No incoming appointee had a clearer charter than Columbia professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's chosen assistant for national security affairs. Yet even Brzezinski had to await Carter's formal approval before he could announce on the record his choice of a deputy—38-year-old David Aaron, a systems analyst who served on Henry Kissinger's NSC staff and is very highly regarded by people who worked with him then—and his plans to cut the staff by about one third, roughly from 45 to 30 professional assistants. The reduction is to be accomplished mainly by abolishing the staff's policy analysis section and consolidating some of the geographic sections. Rather oddly, considering the Carter administration's campaign commitment to greater concern with third world countries, two area candidates for such consolidation and reduced (though not abandoned) NSC overview are Latin America and southern Africa. A point of major interest and much speculation, most of it gloomy, is how Brzezinski and Secretary of State-designate Cyrus Vance will get along. Brzezinski is known to believe that he, Vance and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown will work together more amicably than Henry Kissinger did with the comparable Secretaries when he was the national security assistant. Brzezinski, who seems to be well aware that his reputation for abrasive arrogance at least equals Kissinger's, has discussed with Carter the possibilities of friction. Brzezinski may be assumed to know that the new President will tolerate just so much and no more quarreling with Vance and Brown.

Another assistant with a strong charter is press secretary Jody Powell. His people and presumably Powell himself assumed that his plans for a press office operation expanded in functions though not in numbers were as good as approved in early January. The word in Washington was that this was not necessarily so. Powell proposes to operate with two deputies and four assistant press secretaries and to bring into his realm the Carter equivalent of the present Office of Communications, the production of the President's daily news summary, and presidential speech writing. The "communications" function, primarily the job of serving out-of-Washington media, will be handled by a greatly reduced staff under Pat Bario, one of two women chosen so far for the assistant press secretary spots. Powell plans to have 35 people doing what 44 do in the Ford administration. The transition planners hope to reduce staffing throughout the White House in about that proportion.

It's been reported as fact for weeks that Patrick Anderson, Carter's chief campaign speech writer, would be his chief White House writer, and that Greg Schneiders, a sometime Washington and New York restaurant operator who caught Carter's fancy in early 1976 and recently had been his executive assistant, would be President Carter's appointments secretary and trip scheduler. It was understood and believed at Carter's Washington headquarters in early January that Schneiders had been fired. According to Carter spokesmen in Georgia, Schneiders withdrew from consideration for the appointments job and it became increasingly doubtful that he would get any White House job after an FBI report on him revealed a history of bad debts and bounced checks resulting from business troubles. Patrick Anderson prefers, and is arranging with Carter's encouragement and with a promise of his cooperation, to write a book on the first year of the Carter presidency—instead of working in what seems to Anderson to be developing into a big and stifling White House bureaucracy. James Fallows, late of *The Washington Monthly*, will be Carter's chief White House writer. Like the fellow said, expect blood on the West Wing floor.

John Osborne

Da Late Mayor
Kindly Omit Flowers

Richard J. Daley of Chicago left the office he held for 21 years the only way he ever intended to go, and for the past two weeks, the obituary writers have trotted out all the old myths. Mayor Daley, the standard eulogy runs, was the last of a dying breed; his demise marks the disappearance of the big city political boss, the genre of Tweed, Hague, Curley, Crump and Pendergast. With a consolidated power base as both mayor and head of the Cook County Democratic Organization, with about 35,000 jobs at his disposal, Daley, it is said, was the consummate technician, the foreman who knew and tended every bolt and gear in the machine, for whom no detail was too small to

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escape attention. And, If the "Organization," as it was called, was autocratic and brooked no political opposition, it was also benevolent and efficient in an era of deteriorating social services. A reliable Democratic family could always get a pothole (and sometimes a ticket) fixed merely by contacting the precinct captain. "Chicago works" was the maxim; Mayor Daley and his machine made it work. Even the most eager apologists had to admit that there was some corruption, but they always intoned the gospel that no hint of graft ever reached the Mayor himself.

That, in capsule, is the legend that will probably stick. I offer a dissent.

Chicago works" is the official doctrine of the regime, recited in the ranks of the Organization. It regained press currency each time that city's hand-held electorate voted Mayor Daley another term. It also enjoyed a brief, off-year vogue during New York's recent fiscal crisis, which also helped reveal the shallowness of the myth. Indeed, Chicago does work—for the white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant and largely Republican business and financial establishment, the major profit-takers in the one-party partnership forged by Daley. In City Hall, he minimized their political risk and his policies advanced their interests—real estate, commerce, development, civic boosterism. "He paved the way for a construction boom that remade Chicago's skyline in the last two decades," praised *The New York Times* editorial-obituary.

Yessir, and he did it at no small cost to the lesser partners in the arrangement, the legions of blacks, Latins and white ethnics who faithfully deliver their votes to the machine that makes the city work and who pay the price of its progress. Their return for repeatedly investing in Richard Daley includes schools with standards deteriorating well ahead of the national pace; and neighborhoods, Polish and Italian as well as black, eradicated by the Mayor's urban renewal projects and expressways. Blue-collar jobs have vanished at an astounding rate; community health services lag far behind other large cities; low-cost housing is often very low quality and also in short supply. A few years ago, the US Commission on Civil Rights declared Chicago the most racially segregated city in the country, and it remains so. Official failures to enforce anti-discrimination ordinances in hospitals, housing and schools are common. The Mayor packed his local anti-pollution board with steel and utility polluters, and his choice to head housing development was a slumlord.

In short, Chicago's inner city is very much in the familiar spiral of decay and, notwithstanding the myth, has been decaying for many years. Middle-class whites and their jobs have moved to the suburbs, eroding the city's tax base, and, incidentally, the Organization's political power; but the Mayor's handling of public business has consistently facilitated the transfer, so long as the interests of downtown business are served. So, in 1968, at the height of suburban flight and urban disorder, the city's major mass transit expenditure was for elevated, air-conditioned, commuter train cars to the suburbs—with bullet-proof glass.

Nor is Daley's principal legacy, his vaunted Organization, the benevolent creature that legend makes out. To be sure, it maintains itself in power by organizing the vote, an enterprise sustained by massive, legal patronage. But its electoral invulnerability is also accomplished in no small part through fraud and manipulation—gerrymandering, vote buying, padding registration rolls and near total control of the election machinery by dishonest means. Any available function of local government including tax assessments, zoning decisions, the letting of city contracts, even the judiciary and the police, is politicized, pressed into service to the Organization's ends and within the reach of money.

Within the confines of the city of Chicago, the power achieved by Richard J. Daley, his party and his cronies was total. Electoral opposition is ineffective, resembling a resistance movement, and there is no accountability except for that achieved through prosecutors beyond the reach of the tentacles of the political machine. During his recent tenure as US Attorney, Illinois Governor-elect James Thompson made a considerable dent in official corruption in Chicago by jailing aldermen, state legislators, election officials, assessors, cops and one federal judge, all part of the Daley crowd. Even at the Mayor's death a Chicago police spying unit was under federal injunction to prevent it from further violating the rights of private citizens, notably those who oppose the entrenched power structure.

A unique "ends justify the means" standard has grown up around Daley, and it echoes in the eulogies. The Organization is a powerful political force, and the sins of its trade-offs must be rationalized. How much does it really matter that a few big party contributors get a tax break or that building inspectors engage in a little harrassment of the opposition as long as the potholes in the street get fixed and the garbage gets collected? The rationale is pervasive, top to bottom, and by no means confined to Chicago. In 1972, when the Organization deliberately flaunted the national Democratic party's reforms, physically intimidating its opposition in the process, the party was widely held to be, *prima facie*, temporarily insane for daring to apply the same rules to Mayor Daley as it applied to everyone else. And, of course, it is historical orthodoxy, albeit undocumented, that in 1960, John F. Kennedy's slender 9000-vote margin in Illinois came from the graveyards of Cook County. So what? Who objects? The end justifies the means.

The most implausible part of the permanent myth of Mayor Daley is that however gamey things got down below, the man at the top, the boss who knew and

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understood every cog in every wheel, always remained aloof, above and untainted by the corruption of his underlings, a thoroughly honest man. It is just not true. Richard Daley was as responsible for the prevailing political ethic in Chicago as Richard Nixon was for Watergate. Columnist Mike Royko describes that ethic as "Where's mine?" and it didn't merely develop with Daley's connivance or at his indulgence. He gave it life and his Organization was its embodiment. As Mayor and maximum leader, Hizzoner himself was ultimately guilty of conspiracy in the bribery and mail fraud case that sent some of his closest political associates to jail; in the hundreds of purchased zoning variances; in the 1968 convention violence; in the persecution, intimidation, violations of privacy, racial discrimination and debasement of the democratic franchise, all so common in his city. These are the outgrowths of the Chicago political ethic, and they constitute a lasting memorial to Richard J. Daley. There is no other way to have it. He was the architect, caretaker and chief perpetrator of the system. To be sure, he was not like Spiro Agnew; no one ever accused him of taking cash in an envelope. Daley must have been appalled by the former Vice President's stupidity. The Mayor understood one basic rule very well and followed it to the end: big criminals must never commit small crimes.

We lost two of the world's foremost political autocrats in 1976, Mao Tse-tung and Richard Daley. Both left a little dissension in their wake, but comparing press reports on the transitions underway in China and Chicago, one gets the impression that Daley probably ran the tighter ship.

"Gentlemen, when I'm gone, you fellows stick together," the Mayor is said to have cautioned his loyalists only a few days before his death. With no line of succession established, there was some initial factionalism, some tentative political maneuvering. But then the Organization closed ranks and began to temporarily divvy up the Mayor's perquisites. Many believe that the patronage base is strong enough and the vote secure enough for the machine to endure; that with the Mayor gone, power will pass gradually from white ethnics (Irish, Polish, Italian, Jewish, Croatian) to black loyalists; and that Daley's successors will find some way to continue delivering the votes of the poor to the interests of the rich. But that is probably not a good long-range prognosis. Without Daley at the top of the ticket as the infallible draw on election day and the ultimate arbiter of all disputes, the papering over of differences can't last long. It is one thing for strivers like Eddie Vrdolyak, George Dunne, Roman Pucinski, Michael Bilandic, Wilson Frost, Edmund Kelly, Stanley Cusper, Eddie Burke, Danny Rostenkowski and Richard Daley *fils* to bide their time at the Mayor's behest. But expecting them to set aside their ambitions for one another is expecting too much. And which of these fellows can keep the others from overreaching, hold the lid on corruption? The Organization is probably a terminal case; it's only a matter of time.

One part of the Daley myth was true. The man enjoyed unparalleled clout in his own bailiwick and it had a leveling effect on all who came to court. Would-be Presidents approached him with the deference of wardheelers. He convinced people that he was larger than life, an illusion that was amply evident in his funeral entourage. Every segment of the American political establishment was represented. Even humiliated enemies like Dan Walker and George McGovern modestly took their places in the ranks of faithful mourners. One imagines even that Abbie Hoffman, the *bête noir* of the 1968 convention, showed up in disguise and stood somewhere just off the left haunch of that quintessential hack Vito Marzullo. All paid homage equally to the myth, and to the common thievery and raw political power that sustained it.

There is an old adage that holds, "When the elephants dance, it's the grass that gets trampled." So when the last bull elephant heads for the boneyard, it's a day worth marking. But kindly restrain the eulogies.

Ken Bode

Indira's Deal with the Devil

Underappreciated India

India's Independence 30 years ago was marked by many unlucky accidents. One of them was that the West chose to burden her with the label "The World's Largest Democracy." Implicit in that title was the expectation that India—a nation larger and linguistically more diverse than Europe, a colony of foreign powers for 500 years, a population mostly illiterate and scattered in half a million tiny villages—should suddenly snap to attention and run itself like a Switzerland. India did not, and it is almost as if we have been trying ever since to punish her for not fulfilling our expectations, by painting her as an arrogant international beggar, a corrupt bureaucratic quagmire, and a nation of starving cripples.

By readjusting our expectations of India, perhaps we could come to see three important things. First, conditions in India are not as bad as they often are portrayed. Second, her future is brighter than we suppose. Third, India does have serious problems, but they are seldom the problems we point to.

India has a poverty problem rather than a population problem. In both town and countryside India carries her people extremely gracefully, largely because the people and the environment are well adjusted to each other. This fact strikes you when sitting in the middle of a

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roadside hamlet in West Bengal, apparently enclosed by jungle but actually surrounded by intensely cultivated cropland. It strikes you again when walking around spacious Madras, a tree-lined city by the sea which supports an incredible three million people. The problem is not that India has too many people; their lives would not be perceptibly better if there were half as many (in fact, standards of living are substantially higher now than when the population was half its present size). The problem is that India does not use her people well—they have too little work, too little money, and too few social rights.

India is poor, but not so desperately poor as it is made out to be. Concluding that India is a nation of starving cripples, after confronting the swirl of beggars outside the best hotels in Calcutta, is as misguided as concluding that America must be a nation of millionaires after a stroll down Fifth Avenue. India's standard of living is higher than that of many other parts of the world. Life expectancy, the primary index of bodily health, has reached the mid-50s—10 to 20 years higher than most African nations, five years higher than the US at the turn of the century. More than 40 nations, including Colombia, Algeria and North Vietnam, have lower per-capita consumption of protein and carbohydrates. Very few people starve. In Calcutta, for example, the ingenuity of relief workers and the desperation of beneficiaries keep the toll of street deaths about the same as that in New York. The horror footage shot for the evening entertainment of Americans and West Germans shows poverty defined by physical mutilation and dead bodies by roadsides. The true image of India's poverty, which is primarily rural, is the strained face of a thin farmer who works long hours, worries about mounting debts and marrying off his daughters, and finds his life barren and boring.

India need not be a poor nation. She has one of the great river basins in the world, currently producing at only a fraction of its food-growing potential. She has an enormous pool of under-employed labor just waiting to be employed productively. She has large reserves of iron, coal and oil. Most important, she has the managerial and technological capacity to harness these resources. India has a middle class as large as England's entire population, with all the skills such a class possesses. India has the third largest population of scientists, technicians and college graduates in the world. She builds steel factories for the Middle East, exports tractors to Europe, and can send satellites into space or set off atom bombs if she chooses. More to the point, India, unlike many poor nations, has the know-how to manage its problems in agriculture, nutrition, sanitation, housing and urban planning.

Nor does India lack the administrative adroitness necessary for the job. For all the horror stories about inefficiency and corruption, the Indian bureaucracy actually is quite honest and competent. In 1971 it managed the largest, and certainly one of the most touching, humanitarian projects in history: it sheltered, clothed, cared for and fed about 10 million refugees from the war in Bangladesh (in the process exhausting the grain reserves that India had struggled so hard to build up). The question is not whether India has the ability to care for its poor. The question is whether she has the will.

This year, the will seems to be there. Since Indira Gandhi initiated her "Emergency," unemployment is perceptibly lower in the cities, and the standard of living in many areas of the countryside is perceptibly higher. Part of the change may be due to a series of good monsoon rains. But part of it must also be credited to the "Emergency": for the first time since Independence, the bureaucracy and the labor force are being pushed to operate near their capacity. Indira Gandhi has made a deal with the devil: she has mortgaged India's democracy against her own career, and she can pay off the debt only by demonstrably improving the life of the common man.

The true tragedy of the Emergency is not the suspension of habeas corpus, or the convenient postponing of elections. The tragedy is that the only hope 500 million Indians have of improving their lives under the existing political-economic system is to bargain away their rights as citizens and to grant their leader *carte blanche* to cripple opposition and prepare her son Sanjay to succeed her in the Nehru monarchy.

What are India's greatest problems? Caste, corruption, misguided policies and hostility to international advice are on the list, but not at the top. A major problem is India's cultural and linguistic diversity. India is not really a nation: it is an ontology, a set of beliefs and perceptions which barely hold together a people who have as little in common as the population of a single nation formed out of Ireland, Hungary, Mexico and the Philippines. India has had to devote enormous amounts of energy to holding herself together which could otherwise have gone toward solving more practical problems.

Hinduism further complicates social problems but not so much a result of the notorious caste system itself—which conceivably could be put to productive use, as in Japan a century ago. The real problem is the corollary attitude that one need not worry about or take responsibility for anything outside the narrow confines of one's own caste or family. India never will come to terms with its own poverty unless it rejects this attitude. India's success or failure as a nation will depend on whether the enormous and talented middle class finally decides to deal with the ocean of poverty which surrounds and supports it. There is really nothing, however, which can compel them to do so: the worst famines seldom touch the middle class, and revolution from the bottom is extremely unlikely.

India is on the verge of becoming a major world

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power. Sometime in the next generation, its population probably will surpass China's. Soon thereafter the Indian government could theoretically have at its command not only nuclear weapons, but also an industrial, technical and bureaucratic middle class 100-million-strong, along with the world's largest army. Domestic poverty and famine did not prevent Russia and China from becoming superpowers. What will this new superpower be? It could be an India which has become a power despite its poverty, which works to control an underclass of hundreds of millions, which concentrates on heavy industry while mechanization dispossesses hundreds of thousands of tenant farmers, which finds illiteracy and unemployment rising with each step toward greater international power. Such a nation would have very different goals—and perhaps even different allegiances—from an India which had come to terms with rural poverty, and increasing income inequality. By a better understanding of what India is, and what it is capable of, the United States may have some impact on which India this new member of the superpower club will be.

Nick Eberstadt

Mr. Eberstadt is a contributing editor for the Rockefeller Foundation's *RF Illustrated* magazine. He teaches at Harvard's Center for Population Studies.

Harold Brown

The Scientist Triumphant

by Morton A. Reichek

Jimmy Carter's motives in choosing Harold Brown as his Secretary of Defense appear not to have been inspired: Brown was the compromise candidate, a man who gave equal offense to hawks and doves. Perhaps without realizing it, however, Carter may have found himself a man uniquely immune, by temperament and training, to both the expensive mechanical fantasies of the generals and the swords-into-plowshares fantasies of naïve antimilitarists.

Brown certainly defies ideological labelling. The hard-line hawks on military policy opposed Brown as a sort of quasi-dove. Former Under Secretary of State Eugene V. Rostow, leader of the recently-formed Committee on the Present Danger, laments that Brown has been "consistently soft" on the Soviet threat. To the Cold Warriors, Brown's sin is his long association with the arms control movement. They preferred former Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger, a skeptic on détente who will be Carter's assistant on energy matters.

Yet Brown was opposed with equal fervor by many doves. A onetime nuclear physicist, Director of Defense Research and Engineering and Secretary of the Air Force, the 49-year-old Brown is the quintessential military-industrial-complex type. Edward Teller has credited him for "doing much to transform the hydrogen bomb from a clumsy contraption into a handy instrument." During the Vietnam war, Brown advocated unlimited bombing of the North through the end of the Johnson administration. More recently, he has favored production of the B-1 bomber.

Brown is a non-ideologue and the compleat technocrat. We live in an era when science and technology have become decisive factors in policy-making. Brown is a symbol of the scientist who, no longer confined to cloistered laboratories and academic ivory towers, has emerged as a prime mover in the centers of political power. Brown once said that while he was only in his mid-20s, he "began to be greatly impressed and excited by the interaction between science and the various parts of the government. In the 1950s, to an impressionable young man, particularly a scientist, there was a naturally tremendous attraction in governmental centers of power. In the 1930s, I suppose, there was this same attraction for impressionable young social workers, lawyers and economists. There's no significant difference between scientists and non-scientists in their approach to the use of power. Every group feels it brings to the solution of human problems some special talent. Perhaps we

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scientists behave more rationally. Certainly it is the rational approach that's needed to save the world."

Brown has achieved the highest position of political power ever reached by an American scientist (unless you include Carter himself, who claims to be a nuclear physicist). How will he employ a "rational approach" in military policy? How will it be manifested on such crucial questions as the size of the defense budget (President-elect Carter has pledged to trim at least five billion dollars out of a $123 billion budget in the face of inexorable pressures to boost spending), the next round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with the Russians (the current treaty controlling nuclear offensive weapons expires next October), production of the B-1 bomber and the cruise missile, further nuclearization of the Navy's fleet, and other costly arms procurement proposals?

A study of Brown's background provides some clues. Despite his prolonged, high-level involvement in defense affairs, he is little known to the general public. Brown is a remarkably self-assured man who has the inquisitive, polemical air of a Talmudic scholar and who, according to one friend, "thrives on argument." He is trained as a nuclear physicist, but his experience in pure science is limited, and he has never made any significant original contributions to basic research. His reputation was made in the management and direction of other scientists. In the contemporary scientific *milieu*, where research breakthroughs are unlikely to be the product of an individual scientist's efforts and where major endeavors normally involve the overlapping of several scientific disciplines and vast expenditures, the managerial scientist has become a very common and powerful type.

In 1952, as a result of Edward Teller's frantic politicking on behalf of a full-scale hydrogen bomb project, Washington authorized the AEC-University of California Lawrence Radiation Laboratory to set up a branch at Livermore to design nuclear weapons. Brown became one of the first members of the new installation's staff. He personally directed work on the Polaris missile warhead, in which as much explosive power as 500 kilotons of TNT (25 times more power than the first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima) was crammed into what, in the context of strategic weapons, was an astonishingly small space.

Brown subsequently was put in charge of development of all nuclear fusion bombs. In 1960, he succeeded Teller as head of the Livermore Lab. Herbert York, who had preceded Teller at Livermore and who became the first director of defense research and engineering at the Pentagon, says that Brown "originated more of the ideas that have gone into thermonuclear weapons development than any other person since the original concept of Edward Teller."

York, who later became chancellor of the University of California at San Diego, has long been an ardent arms control advocate. Brown's career has been closely linked to York's, and he has become increasingly sympathetic to York's views—much to the distress of Teller, who also played an important role in Brown's early career.

Brown was born and raised on Manhattan's upper west side in comfortable middle-class surroundings. His father was a lawyer who died while Brown was in his teens. All of Brown's paternal and maternal

Next Week

The next issue of *The New Republic* will be a special extra-length issue marking the inauguration of Jimmy Carter. Contributors will include Barbara Tuchman, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Carl Sagan, Michael Harrington, Hans Morgenthau, Doris Kearns, Irving Howe, Charles Morgan, Andy Warhol, Jamie Wyeth, Homer Bigart, Roy Wilkins, Harrison Salisbury, Jerome Wiesner and James Hoge, along with many *TNR* regulars.

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grandparents were Jewish immigrants from Central Europe. In 1953, while working at Livermore, Brown married Colene McDowell, a fourth-generation Californian who was working as an assistant buyer in a department store. Colene Brown's background is Episcopalian, and the Browns were married in her church. Both now consider themselves and their two daughters to be what Brown has described as "unchurched." But Brown, who has been president of the California Institute of Technology for the past seven years, allowed himself to become a "test case" recently by successfully attempting to join Los Angeles' California Club, which had barred Jews from membership.

At an early age, Brown established himself as an intellectual *wunderkind*. He was graduated at 15 from the Bronx High School of Science, where he is still recalled with considerable awe for achieving a four-year average of 97.7 percent and recording one of the highest scores ever made in the New York State Regents exams—100 percent grades in nine subjects and 99 percent in the remaining three. In his high school dossier, his guidance counselor described him as "the most brilliant student in the senior class," and wrote—almost breathlessly—that Brown's "intellectual capacity cannot be adequately described in words; only in constant contact with him can one come to appreciate his native abilities. He is the kind of person who succeeds in everything he attempts."

By age 18 Brown was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Columbia University, where he studied physics under Nobel Prize winner I. I. Rabi. He earned master's and PhD degrees from the same university over the next four years. Shortly after earning his doctorate, Brown moved to California to join the Radiation Laboratory, which was then at Berkeley.

During Washington's frenetic post-Sputnik policy reappraisal, Congress created the job of director of defense research and engineering. Until then, military R&D was conducted as a hodge-podge of divided responsibilities, with only minimal central direction and consistently feeble attempts to coordinate what the Army, Navy and Air Force were doing. The new director, Herb York, was given unprecedented powers to give money to the different services, supervise their operations, assign or cancel projects, and conduct independent research that did not fit the traditional missions of the three branches. The aid was to eliminate costly inter-service rivalry and duplication of effort, and to provide the Secretary of Defense with an independent technical judgment free of service partisanship.

York was one of the few Eisenhower administration holdovers that the incoming Kennedy administration was eager to retain. But he resigned, primarily for health reasons, and recommended Brown, who was only 34, as his successor. Brown got the job. He was the highest ranking and most influential of Robert S. McNamara's "whiz kids"—a group of young civilian intellectuals who assumed enormous executive powers at the Pentagon, to the detriment of the military professionals. Brown's thinking was indelibly stamped on the Kennedy administration's major decisions concerning weapons and strategy, but his role in the initial phases of the Vietnam war was minimal.

Brown's attitude toward military R&D was refeshingly skeptical. He killed or postponed more major weapon projects than he began. He demanded that the military services isolate individual technical problems and solve them before rushing into costly, all-out production. He was convinced that long-range military requirements were insufficiently well defined, and that potential arms development costs were far too high. Even more significantly, Brown believed that the state of mutual deterrence between the US and the Soviet Union at that time was unlikely to be changed much in the near future by any foreseeable technological event. He has proven to be correct.

Brown was instrumental in killing the Air Force's B-70 bomber and Skybolt air-to-surface missile projects; delaying production of the Army's Nike Zeus (the original anti-ICBM); severely limiting military space programs; and forcing the Air Force and Navy to agree on a joint design for the controversial TFX fighter (later designated the F-111). He tried to force the services to come up with firm designs and specifications and more meaningful cost estimates before allowing them to tool up for production.

His objective was to avoid such costly disasters as the atomic-powered airplane and the Navaho missiles which had to be cancelled because of their marginal utility after hundreds of millions of dollars had been spent on development work. His job, as he saw it, was to say no to the demands of the military for large sums of money to pay for projects which, in many cases, could not be technically justified, or which did not provide a significant addition to the nation's defense capabilities.

In short, Brown turned out to be a highly effective military budget-cutter. In the process, he incurred the wrath of such contemporary exponents of bigger defense spending as Stuart Symington, Barry Goldwater and Gen. Curtis LeMay, then the Air Force's chief of staff.

Aside from the approach he took to his job, Brown made many enemies in the Pentagon simply because of his youth and his abrasive, coldly arrogant style. His relations with the top brass were particularly sticky. Brown had not been in the military service. Beribboned, white-thatched generals and admirals who were commanding men in battle when Brown was still in high school constantly trooped into his office for orders or to plead for his approval of weapon projects. Brown's personal reserve and exceedingly serious demeanor with people he does not know well create a certain aloofness in his personal relationships. He is inclined to

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Science is Not Enough

When Harold Brown and the nuclear age both were still young and prodigal, it was fashionable to contemplate the special promise of scientists in public authority. From the sallow disciplines of the laboratory they were to bring something more than mere political sense or the administrative absorption in routine. C.P. Snow saw the quality as a rare kind of foresight, "an expectation of knowledge to come" which was a "sensitivity latent" in scientific experience. Scientists might govern with a broader, more relevant wisdom because, as Snow put it, they "have it within them to know what a future-directed society feels like."

Snow's was the rather too simple enthusiasm of a relatively innocent age. It did not reckon with the spectacular and dubious political success of science in the post-war world: its absorption into the vast empire of government and business spun from the arms race. The self-protective, self-generative theology of this empire has defected the vision and independence of its own house scientists. And since these house scientists are the only scientists likely to be governing us any time soon, Snow's expectation has become ironic, if not mocking.

Harold Brown is a sad case in point. From every indicator, as they like to say at the Pentagon, the young Jewish physics prodigy from Manhattan has long since been converted into a reliable organization man. He may be less of a docile bureaucrat than he seems with his bland square face and catechismal manager's rhetoric; obviously he is intellectually far more accomplished than his cabinet colleagues in the Carter administration. But in submission to the orthodoxies of government, he will be pretty much indistinguishable from the lawyers, corporate proconsuls and bankers with whom he rules. What is missing in this once-brilliant scientist, what seems to cement his conformity, is a lack of the very sense Snow described, the capacity to see beyond himself, and beyond our larger predicament.

At only four, according to his mother's proud account, little Harold had taken off the panel from the bottom of the refrigerator just to see how the motor ran. Now, at nearly 50, there is no evidence he has been even curious to uncover the workings of the society, the organizations, the politics that have been his world as an adult. He has been a consultant to the Pentagon or some other government agency since he was 29. Either directly or indirectly he has been on some kind of official payroll for a quarter century. He has been a director of the Livermore Radiation Laboratory, where he led development of the nuclear arsenal; a trustee of IBM and the Aerospace Corporation, where he saw the wider economic benefits of government defense policies; a president of Cal Tech, where scholarly solvency is fortified by fat NASA and AEC contracts; a member of the Trilateral Commission where with fellow Carterites Vance, Blumenthal and Brzezinski he celebrated the pervasive power of the multinational corporation. Now he is a candidate for membership in the exclusive, anti-Semitic California Club, where he can presumably experience very personally the social implications of his success. Nowhere along the way has he been seen to pause, to take off any panels to look at the motor. No latent sensitivity of the scientist has moved him to question the mandarinate of class and power he and so many of his equally gifted colleagues have become, or what sort of system, what interests and goals, their gifts have served. His life has been science and, in recent years, mostly administration, untroubled by political or social vision, apparently unconcerned, as Snow had hoped, "to know what a future-directed society feels like."

Beneath this glittering career, there is a dull undercurrent of mindless acceptance of the universe beyond his well-equipped laboratory or fancy office. As director of research and engineering and then as Secretary of the Air Force in the 1960s, Brown was perhaps more than any other single second-rank official the architect and executor of the defoliation and bombing technology; these were the most ghastly and self-defeating aspects of the Vietnam war. His memoranda urging more bombing speak with cool disdain of the previous "scrupulous concern" for civilian targets, as if it were an inconvenience not to be tolerated in the next experiment. The restraints in his own mind were the technological ones that were the Air Force fashion at the time. Our bombing of North Vietnam had been "relatively low level," he told an Executives' Club in Chicago in 1966, "compared to what we are capable of doing." Perhaps more than his generals, Harold Brown, PhD at 22, expert in isotope research and neutron physics, *knew* we could bomb them back into the stone age—"what we are capable of doing."

We can be confident that politics has taught Harold Brown the simplest lessons of Vietnam. But what of the more profound social and political issues we might expect such a mind and experience to fathom? Again there is simply no tangible part of the record, no article, no speech, no remembered comment or conversation, to suggest that he feels the dominant problem of modern government—the lurching process of organizational growth and decay, the inner turmoil of bureaucracies and businesses in which both individual worth and social purpose have been lost. Least of all is there a hint that he understands how insidious the organizational tyranny has become, how much it rules and paces his adversaries in Moscow, or how much it makes him and his old colleagues in the military-industrial complex adversaries of the public interest he will be sworn to uphold as Secretary of Defense.

As an administrator Brown has an enviable reputation for efficiency and cost-effectiveness—both he and the public seem to have stopped looking for more. It's true: he did shave some of the silliest Pentagon programs of the Kennedy-Johnson years. He did, reliable witnesses tell us, challenge the flimflam of contractors and generals. But his efficiency, like his science, has been devoid of larger purpose or discrimination beyond itself. As Eugene McCarthy used to say, it is not the fat we have to worry about in the military, but the lean. Brown is a skilled technician of the lean, no more. Tribal mutterings of Evans and Novak aside, Brown's greatest success is likely to be in making Washington safe for the $100 billion Pentagon budget. "More bang for the buck" is the moral principle that has shaped him. He has served it without principled reservation, and he will almost certainly continue to do so.

"It nags at me in the United States, just as in Western Europe," wrote Snow, worried about the failure of the scientific gift in government. "We are immensely competent; we know our own pattern of operations like the palm of our hands. It is not enough." As a matter of class, of politics, ultimately perhaps of character, Brown has spent his genius in becoming immensely competent in the pattern of operations of a system gone tragically wrong. Snow was right. It will not be enough.

Suetonius

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be didactic in his conversation, is impatient and easily bored by small talk, and does not show a warm personal interest in people. "He is not exactly a Mr. Chips," a Cal Tech undergraduate recently told a newspaper reporter.

Brown has a phenomenal capacity for absorbing complex technical information quickly. In a very brief period he became an expert on the Pentagon's considerably diverse activities; eventually he gained widespread respect for his intellectual virtuosity, even if personal popularity did not follow. A former assistant secretary of defense, not normally given to superlatives, once described Brown as "one of the most brilliant men in America."

During 1965-69, Brown served as Secretary of the Air Force and became a stronger partisan of military interests. According to the Pentagon Papers, he resisted McNamara's belated efforts to abandon the bombing of North Vietnam and opposed proposals of McNamara's successor as Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, to halt the bombing in March 1968.

Brown assumed a much less hawkish stance during his years at Cal Tech, where he became president in 1969. He now sounds absolutely apologetic about his earlier views on Vietnam. He calls the war "a very, very catastrophic time in our history. . . Certainly we must become more cautious about the type of intervention in the future."

He was a member of the US delegation that negotiated the 1972 SALT agreement with the Russians and frequently was at odds with the Defense Department's position on the treaty. He apparently has retained his view—as expressed in 1963—that "the arms race is not increasing our security. . . Although our own [nuclear] strength is greater, Soviet strength has increased too. So our security, in the sense of our ability to be involved in a war without very great damage to the US, has decreased. This is a characteristic of the arms race. Each side gets stronger absolutely, but in fact, the security of both sides may be decreasing because each is becoming increasingly vulnerable to the other."

I think Brown's impact on defense policy will be salubrious. He is eager to cool rather than heat up the arms race. He is favorably disposed toward détente and is inherently skeptical about new high-priced weapon systems. He supports the concept of "rough equivalence"—that is, he thinks deterrence can be maintained, even if the US has fewer and smaller missiles than the Soviets. Finally, he has the skills to cope with the mismanagement of military procurement. In any event, he is an exemplar of Jimmy Carter's detached, non-ideological, process-oriented style of government. We shall see if it works.

Dukakis of Massachusetts

The Hard Times Liberal

By William A. Henry, III

When "Issues and Answers" or "The Today Show" assembles a panel of governors, Michael Stanley Dukakis of Massachusetts almost always is included. His sharp features, his sober voice, his command of statistics and scorn for incompetence suit the medium, as he proved during two years moderating Public TV's "The Advocates." Son of a Greek immigrant who worked up from laborer to physician, like his frugal father he plants a vegetable garden and rides the subway to work.

Dukakis has become, with Jerry Brown of California, a national symbol of a New Conservatism, a liberalism chastened by hard times. The liberal credentials of these two governors have been used to legitimize state employee layoffs, welfare cuts, and an emphasis on "business climate" over basic human needs.

When Brown ran for President, liberals who looked into his record found an unsettling phenomenon. Jerry Brown was assumed to be a liberal chiefly because liberals had worked to elect him. His volunteers came from the civil rights marches, the grape and lettuce boycotts, the antiwar movement. Brown courted their help. But he had never been at their forefront and he did not necessarily share their goals. His record as secretary of state and the campaign that grew from it

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revealed Brown as less a liberal than a reformer. His interest was cleaning up the mechanics of government, rather than putting money into the hands of the poor. Not long after his election as governor in 1974, he said of welfare families, "They will simply have to reduce their standard of living." Welfare, he implied, was charity, not a right.

Michael Dukakis also was elected by liberals two years ago. His campaign manager and press secretary came from the McGovern campaign. Most of his volunteers were graduates of the antiwar movement. Supporters of Dukakis remembered him as the state's most activist and reforming legislator of the 1960s, and as the liberal primary winner for lieutenant governor in 1970. In 1974, Dukakis was the liberal alternative in the Democratic primary. Despite his rhetoric about tight management and tax program reductions, few Dukakis voters expected his welfare and Medicaid cuts that state representative Barney Frank called "beating up on poor people."

"Yes, I'm Governor Dukakis. . . what seems to be your problem?"

Massachusetts suffered acutely from the national recession—at one point the state unemployment rate was 14.4 percent. Dukakis and the legislature put most of the burden for absorbing the downturn on the poor. Medical care was cut off, even in emergencies, for all General Relief recipients, most of them blind, disabled or seriously ill; they were forced onto the uncertain charity of local hospitals. AFDC families lost their cost-of-living increase and some of their Medicaid supplementary service. More than 20,000 "employable" recipients were cut off General Relief (a subsistence of $38 a week) on the basis that a few thousand menial jobs had gone unfilled in a state where 300,000 were unemployed. Individual suffering was sometimes pitiable: people who had their infected teeth removed could not get money for dentures to eat; terminal cancer patients could not get money for pain-killing drugs.

Liberals understood that Dukakis had inherited a large deficit during a major recession and that he faced a conservative, though four-to-one Democratic, legislature. But many could not accept the months of drifting before he announced a budget, his repeated illusory promises of "no new taxes" that hardened the public against the poor, his switching and reswitching of positions on welfare whenever pressures mounted. His handling of the year-long budget crisis set the pattern for his administration: a pattern of high ideals and expedient retreats. Once known as one of the brightest and most principled men in Massachusetts public life, he gradually lost the respect of much of the press, the bureaucracy, and according to the polls, nearly half the people.

Dukakis, who ran for governor on a "leadpipe" guarantee of no new taxes, knew on election day that his incumbent opponent's budget director was privately projecting a deficit of at least $300 million. He had hardly enough time to impose cuts, to claim he had been misled (although he had been getting leaks throughout the campaign), to prepare the public for taxes and to impose the "management efficiencies" and "productivity increases" on which he had campaigned. But he did none of this. Instead he lulled the public by saying that the deficit was below $100 million, and remediable without taxes, for six months after he was elected—and for three months after he started planning a $450 million bond issue to finance the accumulated shortfall.

Five months late, Dukakis submitted his first annual budget, asking for $700 million in new income and sales taxes. The reaction was electric, if predictable. One major suburban newspaper called for his resignation. Labor leaders began to refer to him as "Dutaxus." In place of his campaign bumper stickers, which had read, "Michael Dukakis should be governor," newly punctuated ones changed the proud assertion to an ironic question. Democratic legislators who had warred with GOP governor Francis Sargent put up posters saying,

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"Sarge, come back, all is forgiven."

After campaigning like Jimmy Carter, talking about priorities and zero-based budgeting, Dukakis had not found much to cut. The Democratic leaders of the legislature took virtual control of the state, passing month-by-month budgets from July through November 1975 and giving themselves veto power over every hiring for routine civil service jobs.

As the crisis continued, at times stopping welfare and payroll checks and edging the state toward default on a massive accumulation of short-term housing notes, Dukakis agreed to welfare cuts proposed by the legislature, and suggested more of his own.

Liberals and activists rose up in protest. Wheelchair-bound reliefers demonstrated outside the state house. The destitute flooded legislators' offices. Dukakis, suddenly remembering his constituency, denounced the Medicaid cuts as inhumane. And the budget stalled again.

On the eve of a potential default Dukakis went on television and apologized for having built up false hopes and having asked the impossible of the legislature. He endorsed the cuts and asked immediate passage of a package of about $350 million in cuts and $350 million in taxes. The house and senate, despite lingering resistance, enacted the budget. Then in the last hours before signing Dukakis floated a rumor that the budget was dotted with pork-barrel items he would veto. He signed the budget as written but the rumor insulted the legislators and destroyed the good will his apology had created.

Dukakis expected to rebound quickly from the budget crisis, and perhaps he could have because it was not entirely his fault. The depth of the state's recession would have overwhelmed any new governor; Ella Grasso in Connecticut, Brendan Byrne in New Jersey and Hugh Carey in New York were equally beleaguered by the slump of the Northeast. Dukakis, moreover, despite his legislative experience, had known little about state finance. In eight years as a representative he was shut out of leadership except for two years as chairman of the dead-end civil service committee. As a lawyer he had specialized in condominiums.

But in his second year, Dukakis made the same mistakes as in his first: deciding too early, making promises he did not have to make, and again and again switching sides or backing down on issues he had labeled as matters of principle.

He caused the greatest ruckus when he announced last spring, with construction industry unemployment above 25 percent, that he was turning down $51 million in Federal highway aid—because the projects were wasteful, he said, and according to aides because he regarded orange roadside warning barrels as eyesores. Massive public and editorial pressure, the dismay of most of his staff, and the threatened resignation of his respected transportation secretary, Frederick Salvucci, forced him to change his mind.

At the onset of 1976 Dukakis said his top legislative priority would be a "hospital charge control bill," intended to give state government almost complete planning and budget power over all health care. During eight months of negotiation with the hospital association he bargained away nearly everything but the title. Once again, when the measure was released, public, press and staff uproar moved him to break his agreement with the hospitals and file amendments to his own bill. The hospitals felt betrayed, and even after a meaningful bill was enacted consumer groups remained wary.

Careless remarks have caused Dukakis plenty of trouble—despite a calculating image he tends to shoot from the hip. Few were more embarrassing than his description of the fiscal 1977 budget as "one of the worst pieces of junk I've ever seen." The legislature waited until the last day of the fiscal year before sending him the budget and trapping him into signing it.

His most damaging and most needless mistake was a campaign pledge to give the state bar association a veto on all judicial appointments. Under heavy pressure from Greek supporters Dukakis privately offered a seat on the state's highest court to law professor Paul Liacos, whom the bar twice vetoed. Dukakis went ahead with the appointment and withdrew the arrangement with the bar, having humiliated Liacos, the Greek community and himself.

The Liacos episode hit at Dukakis' major political asset, his reputation for stern integrity. Most of his remaining supporters see him as a fighter, battling entrenched interests, notably a corrupt legislature dominated by his own party. From the day he entered politics, in 1960, helping to organize a reform movement among Democrats, Dukakis set himself apart from the state house establishment. His reputation for financial probity is unchallenged. For example, he scrupulously refused to take contributions from state employees in 1974. But the Liacos episode made it easy for rivals to charge him with political susceptibility and intellectual dishonesty. Those labels seem not to sway the general public, but they have been harmful in the academic and professional communities.

The corruption issue still is Dukakis' best chance for re-election, and it may be enough. Since Dukakis took office a civil service probe has revealed that physicians were falsifying eye test results for politically sponsored police applicants; the majority leader and assistant minority leader of the state senate were indicted for bribery; a Federal grand jury had heard weeks of testimony about the state treasurer. The climate favors a reformer.

Dukakis came to public office in 1962, in the first of four two-year terms as a legislator. This was just before the last wave of trials of politicians in Massachusetts. He proposed much controversial legislation and

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developed an image of stubborn opposition to the leadership. The principal achievement of his career was the nation's first no-fault auto insurance law, which he singlehandedly promoted for three years until it was enacted in the spring of 1970.

After winning passage of the no-fault bill Dukakis devoted full time to his primary campaign for lieutenant governor. He won, and then during a six-week final campaign managed to alienate gubernatorial candidate Kevin White to the point that White's aides were ordered to withhold basic schedule information from him.

As governor, Dukakis has continued confronting, and irritating, other politicians. He tried to unseat the state party chairman and couldn't muster more than 10 of 80 votes. He tried to abolish the governor's council (an unelected band of rogues including a former felon) and was humiliatingly beaten in the legislature. He offered a job to his own lieutenant governor's chief of staff without telling the lieutenant governor—who is the son and namesake of Dukakis' ally, Speaker Tip O'Neill.

Much of his needling is strategy. To be disliked by other politicians, he reportedly told his staff, is to seem honest to the people.

Some members of Dukakis' staff have entreated him to seek and accept a Carter appointment believing that whatever his image for honesty, his performance is so much in question that he cannot win re-election. His own polls showed a 40 percent unfavorable rating last summer.

Dukakis contends that much of his problem is a hostile press, unable to appreciate the order he has wrought from fiscal chaos and incapable of reporting small but real administrative improvements, such as shorter waiting lines at the registry of motor vehicles. He also calculates that he can survive a Democratic primary fight—he has no strong announced opponent, and is positioned to run as a moderate against a challenge from either right or left. Elliot Richardson and Rep. Margaret Heckler are eyeing the Republican nomination, and Sargent wants to run as an independent. But Massachusetts is overwhelmingly Democratic.

Dukakis' strongest motivation to stay is to prove everyone wrong by winning again. He has an abiding faith in himself and a conviction that virtue will be rewarded.

As a schoolboy athlete Dukakis found his 5'7" height a disadvantage but doggedly switched from sport to sport until he became a competition class runner. He still jogs, preferably daily, even when campaigning. He drinks little, does not smoke, eats moderately and with almost total indifference. On the campaign trail his staff were forced to subsist for weeks on hamburgers and soda pop because the candidate thought no one should spend more than a dollar for lunch.

Discipline and denial are his ways of building character. In talking about food stamp abuse, he fumes about college students buying steak "while Kitty and I are getting hamburg." In almost every campaign speech he mentioned his "89-cent socks." His suits are often from Filene's basement, and he is only half-joking when he tells a fellow politician, "You spent too much for that shirt."

He lives simply in a plain, comfortable, neutrally furnished Victorian row house in Brookline near Boston, and occasionally walks his children to public school. The living room has a Rya rug and lots of bookcases (nearly all the volumes are politics, economics or government—it is hard to spot a novel), but Dukakis seems as much at home in the kitchen. He was sitting there on election day, 1974, when he told a reporter, "Kitty and I would have no idea what to do with that $40,000 salary."

His devotion to family is evident, and he is compassionate toward children. He does not seem touched by the same sympathy for adults, whether they are emotionally disturbed welfare recipients or prison inmates or jobless college graduates. He believes in self-help. Kevin White, no fan, once said of Dukakis, "You could put him in charge of an alcoholic rehabilitation program and it would be the most efficient one you ever saw. But he wouldn't stop to pick up a drunk in the street."

Dukakis thinks of himself as a liberal, committed to the consumer, but promoting a new liberalism of "better" rather than "more," of asking the poor to tolerate cutbacks in hard times. He believes that responding to the alienation of working and lower-middle-class people is the Democratic politics of the future. Thus he campaigned for "community control" rather than busing. He won the governorship more in ethnic neighborhoods than in liberal suburbs. He thinks the party's appeal should be on bread-and-butter union issues. Yet he did not support any of the labor favorites for President this year. As the man he beat in the 1974 primary, Robert Quinn, put it, "He has a keen sense of what pleases." Dukakis was an early admirer—for style and substance—of another come-from-behind populist tactician, Jimmy Carter.

Staff Addition

With the January 22 issue, Morton Kondracke joins *The New Republic* as executive editor. He is a veteran investigative reporter and former Nieman Fellow who most recently was White House correspondent for the *Chicago Sun-Times.* Kondracke is on the steering committee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. He is particularly interested in defense and national security issues.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on remakes

Version Territory

Theater Department

O rare Ben Jonson. And getting rarer. When theater people think of his *Volpone* these days, they usually think of a show that could be derived from it, rather than the play itself. Even 50 years ago the Theatre Guild sidestepped Jonson to produce an English translation of Stefan Zweig's German version of *Volpone*. José Ferrer revamped the play in 1947. In 1964, Bert Lahr starred in a musical adaption called *Foxy* (which, curse the luck, I missed), and now comes *Sly Fox* (at the Broadhurst), a play "based on *Volpone*" written by Larry Gelbart, co-author of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and scripter of the TV "M*A*S*H*" series.

Gelbart has transposed the play to San Francisco in the late 19th century and has otherwise altered it drastically, but it's still about a rich miser and his clever servant who fool three would-be inheritors into thinking that the rich man's death is near and who keep milking the greedy ones for gifts. Some of Gelbart's dialogue is good trapeze work, some of it is only moderately clever. (A naval officer says he has medals "too numerous not to mention.") George C. Scott is vigorously zany as Foxwell J. Sly; and he also doubles as a pistol-packin' judge out of Mark Twain. Hector Elizondo is nimble—and Irish!—as his servant. Of the three avaricious ones, two are very good comics, Jack Gilford and Bob Dishy. (My only real laughs came when Dishy choked between avarice and marital jealousy as he offered his lucious young wife to the supposedly dying Scott, and could hardly get the words out.) Arthur Penn directed the show with more release and relish than I expected from a man whose recent films have been increasingly knotted with psychological convolution.

But most of the time I just watched the patterns being made, pretty decently, and didn't laugh. Partly this is because Jonson's comic morality play has been thinned into farce. It just isn't a farce plot, it's the scaffolding for a savage indictment. More, farce has to be believable in its own landscape in order to be funny, and I just couldn't believe that these were the shenanigans of 19th-century San Franciscans. The whole thing smells of wrench and discomfort.

But it did give me an appetite to see Scott in *Volpone*. Or in a real farce, Feydeau or Pinero or any other. He can easily swerve his fierce power into farce channels to make himself a more intensely loping, ravaging Groucho.

Twelfth Night, too, went through its second version in recent years. *Your Own Thing*, done in 1968, was a modest, cute little off-Broadway adaptation. *Music Is* (at the St. James) was an overcute, empty Broadway musical of the same play, with book and direction allegedly by George Abbott. I endured one act and am reporting on it only because it was the 118th production with which the 89-year-old Abbott was associated. It will be a pleasure to forget *Music Is* in gratitude for his many sharp professional shows through the decades.

Film Department

A star is reborn, yet again. Even the first *A Star is Born* (1937) with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor was a remake—of a 1932 George Cukor film called *What Price Hollywood* with Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett. For the 1937 picture William A. Wellman, who directed, rewrote the story with Robert Carson, then Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell wrote the screenplay, and the result was my favorite picture about Hollywood. In 1954 came the James Mason-Judy Garland *ASIB* directed by the same Cukor who had started things in 1932.

In the new *ASIB* (Warner Bros.) the two screen stars have been changed to rock stars. The dialogue by John Gregory Dunne, Joan Didion and Frank Pierson is a strong contender for the Banality-Inanity-Sentimentality Prize of 1976. Pierson directed with a stylistic blend of *Woodstock*-type pictures and Fosse's *Cabaret*—direction whose hallmark is a frenzy to stay ahead of the audience's possible boredom, with incessant flash or frill.

The changes in the script were presumably ordered by the producer, Jon Peters, house-mate of Barbra Streisand, and by the executive producer, Barbra Streisand. The changes spoil a good heart-tug story and—coincidentally?—weaken the man's role. In earlier versions the man was on the skids but, though drinking too much and being a nuisance, was trying to hang in there. Kris Kristofferson, in this version, is disillusioned with success, weary of the public and the personal staff that feed on him. The former version is much more moving, I think: a public idol bitterly facing the fact that the public has tired of him. The new version doesn't convince us that Kristofferson has sunk to suicidal depths. He has plenty of money still and could continue to work, if he chose, in a somewhat different way. Kristofferson commits suicide only because Lowell Sherman, Fredric March and James Mason did.

And the method is changed. Instead of walking into the Pacific (which was based on the actual suicide of a silent star named John Bowers when talkies came in), Kristofferson speeds his sports car while drinking beer. We don't see the crash. He drives over a rise, and we cut to the police crane. This handling of the accident was perhaps suggested by Antonioni's treatment of the car accident in *Eclipse*.

Then follows an unbearable long and trite scene between his widow Streisand and a tape-recording left by Kristofferson. Then there's her first concert appearance after his death when the entire audience lights candles as she appears. (Oh, those hip sob-sisters like Didion and Streisand.) Then there's a protracted closing number meant to have the impact of "My Man" at the end

Films Worth Seeing

The Last Tycoon. Robert De Niro's romantic-ruthless performance is the chief reason to see this fuddling of Fitzgerald.

Mikey and Nicky. Elaine May's black-comic plunge into the underworld. Utterly nasty but minor Céline.

Network. Everything you've always known about TV, hyped up amusingly. All the sparkle and value of a zircon.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Fine fun. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud, and why ever not? Excellent cast.

SK

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of *Funny Girl* but which is just too wearingly long as she changes styles to show that she's going to carry on her husband's music.

Kristofferson is less ponderous than usual, though just as hoarse. Streisand fans may or may not be happy with her change of singing style. One ballad she "records" in the middle of the picture seemed to me excellently done, at Streisand's old-fashioned torchy best. Streisand rocking is a new quantity whose judgment I leave to others.

The whole film had the effect on me of an attenuated Streisand TV special. If you're not a communicant of a church, the rituals often look like mummery. I'm not in a state of grace vis-à-vis Streisand. All I get from here, still, are a knockout singing voice, an unattractive face, and an offensive manner.

King Kong (Paramount) is back again, too. (You had possibly heard?) The chief trouble with it is that it was remade. The old one is still effective *as* the old one; the new one has to be up-to-date. The beast is better mechanized now, the face far superior, but we can't believe in the thing as a 1976 picture, and all the attempts to modernize it with references to environmental rape and male chauvinism only make it worse.

The first *KK* was made with a certain innocence; only ex post facto did it become the facile symbol of superficial psycho-social insights. Nowadays no one can touch the *KK* story unaware of everything that has accreted to it. The ceremony of innocence is drowned in pop cultism.

Further knowingness intervenes. Writing of the first *KK*, the illustrious William Troy said: "If the love that Kong felt for the heroine was sacred, it suggests a weakness that hardly fits in with his other actions." Truer today. It's hard to sympathize with Kong's lovelornness as he murders so many people in his anguish. Troy continued: "If [the love] was after all, merely profane, it proposes problems to the imagination that are not the less real for being crude." Today it's worse than that. Today we can't help noting, from stills of the first version and of the second, that the problems aren't even crude. Kong has no dong.

B. H. Haggin on Music

Claudio Abbado, at the Metropolitan several years ago, produced a performance of Verdi's *Don Carlo* that was made outstanding and exciting by its combination of passion and discipline—a shaping of the work in which he held the impassioned Verdi *espansione* within the limits of unfailing plastic proportion, continuity and coherence. It was another such impassioned but perfectly shaped progression that he achieved with the company of Milan's La Scala in the preformance of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* in Washington, which National Public Radio made it possible to hear in New York. And I should point out that the greatness of what one heard Abbado produce with the excellent orchestra and chorus and most of the principals—notably Piero Cappuccilli in the title role and Nicolai Ghiaurov as Fiesco—was not lessened by the vocal inadequacies of the soprano and tenor in the roles of Amelia and Gabriele: great conductors produce great preformances of opera even with less than perfect casts.

A further demonstration of this is provided by the Metropolitan's new *Lohengrin*. James Levine, much younger than Abbado and an American, astonished audiences a few years ago with performances of Verdi's *Luisa Miller* that also exhibited a feeling for the Verdi *espansione* and a discipline which held it within the limits of plastic proportion and coherence. He was clearly—as his subsequent dealing with *Otello*, *I Vespri Sicilini* and *Aida* confirmed—a superb conductor of Verdi; and his *Lohengrin* shows him to be as superb a conductor of Wagner—one who produced the fine performance I heard with the Metropolitan's excellent orchestra, but with its poor-sounding chorus and inadequate singers in most of the principal roles. The Elsa was Pia Lorenger, whose basically agreeable

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voice was made unattractive much of the time by tremolo; the Ortrud Mignon Dunn, whose tremulous voice rose to climactic screams; the Lohengrin René Kollo, who phrased with a musical sensitiveness he hadn't exhibited in von Karajan's recorded *Meistersinger*, but whose voice hadn't acquired luster and warmth or even ease of production; the Telramund Donald McIntyre, who had sung better than he did this time. The one satisfying singer was Bonaldo Giaotti, the King Henry.

Unfortunately one was distracted again from the excellent musical performance by innovative details of the staging by August Everding and Ming Cho Lee that signaled not the new era promised in the Metropolitan's promotion material but the continuation of the old era in which director-designer teams—*e.g.* Everding and Lee in their dealing with the Kromy Scene of *Boris Godunov* three years ago—were free to substitiute what they thought up for what the composer specified in dramatic scene and action. They justify their practice with the better dramatic sense they say the changes make for the public of today, or the sense they claim to be substituting for nonsense; but what the innovations often substitute is new absurdities for the old. And whereas a composer's own absurdities are entitled to our benign indulgence, and their familiarity enable us to treat them with benign neglect, the ones substituted today, which command our attention with their unfamiliarity, have no claim to our acceptance.

In *Lohengrin*, for example, Wagner's having Lohengrin make his entrance in a boat drawn by a swan, to whom, after stepping onto the shore, he turns to sing his thanks and farewell, is something that directors of today insist audiences cannot be asked to accept; and so the Wieland Wagner staging produced at the Metropolitan in 1967 asked audiences to accept the absurdity of principals and chorus peering into the auditorium and singing their amazement at what was not there to amaze them, while Lohengrin climbed out of a depth behind them under a projection of a swan on the backdrop and stepped forward to address his farewell and thanks to the audience. Adapting to this the statement attributed to Hindemith—that music had a face; and if one didn't like it one shouldn't play it; but if one played it one shouldn't change it—I contend that Wagner's *Lohengrin* has a face, and anyone who doesn't like it is free not to stage it, but even his grandson was not free to change it. And whereas audiences of today accept the familiar boat drawn by a swan with only peripheral awareness, Wieland Wagner's unfamiliar substitute compelled attention and full recognition of its absurdity.

As for the new Everding-Lee staging, it is what could be expected from the director who thought up the last act of the Metropolitan's current *Tristan und Isolde* and the Kromy Scene of *Boris*, and the designer who has never, in my experience, produced a set that has revealed imaginative insight or mere skill and taste. And its obtrusive ineptitudes and absurdities begin with the curtain's rise for the opening scene. Even Wieland Wagner's opening geometric tableau on a glowing stage had King Henry, the Herald and Telramund placed prominently in the center, with the chorus in a semi-circle behind them; but what one sees now on the murky stage is a crowd extending from front right around the center and up a ramp that rises to front left; then someone in the crowd high on the left beginning to sing what reveals him to be the Herald; then the Herald yielding his place to someone else whose singing reveals him to be King Henry; then the King making his way down the ramp and coming forward on the stage to a hitherto unnoticed regal seat on the left, where he listens to Telramund who has appeared on the right. Not only is this dramatically unclear and ineffective, but the voices of the Herald and the King don't ring out from the high point on the ramp as they do later from the center of the stage. Still later Lohengrin's arrival is seen by the principals and chorus who sing their amazement as he climbs into view out of some tall weeds on the left to which he turns to address his thanks and farewell. In the second act, which Wagner places in a courtyard of the citadel, Ortrud is directed to rush from the end of Elsa's procession to bar her from the steps to the entrance of the cathedral; but one sees instead a vast interior with flights of steps between its several levels, and Elsa's procession entering on one of these levels with Ortrud holding up the train of Elsa's wedding dress and suddenly dropping to bar Elsa from the steps leading down to a part of the stage that has no discernible connection with the wedding. If not for its pale blue color one would think the bridal chamber of the third act was designed by Mae West; and in the final scene Lohengrin, instead of sadly greeting the swan who has returned to take him away, addresses his greeting to the tall weeds on the left into which he disappers.

Levine is also an effective symphonic conductor (which not all great conductors of opera are), or at least an effective conductor of Mahler's symphonies. He recorded an excellent performance of the most genial and immediately attractive of those symphonies, the Fourth, and an equally good performance of the First, except for the second movement that he heard not as the lilting *Ländler* that it is, but as the fast waltz is not. In the New York Philharmonic's preseason Mahler series this year Levine conducted a performance of the Second, which, when I heard the delayed broadcast in December, I thought was very good.

In that Mahler series Boulez conducted the Third, which he repeated at the orchestra's opening concerts of its subscription season in reconstructed Avery Fisher Hall. My first hearing of this work years ago was Leonard Bernstein's recorded performance, whose distortions of the earlier movements not only made them unattractive but left me unprepared for the quiet, control and sustained tension of the performance of the long concluding movement that enabled me to hear in it the grandest and most sublime of Mahler's utterances. Subsequent

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recorded performances—by Solti, Abravanel, Horenstein, Haitink—undid Bernstein's damage to the earlier movements, but, surprisingly, did not equal his extraordinary achievement with the finale; and there was no reason to expect anything different from Boulez. But the progression—at once impasssioned and disciplined in its plasticity—that seized one's mind with the very first phrases, held it to the last chord of the overwhelming statement of the finale.

I can report in addition that the sound of the orchestra in the reconstructed hall turned out to be superb—a result not only of the expertise Cyril Harris had previously demonstrated in the acoustic excellence of the new Metropolitain Opera House, but of his having made it a condition of his participating in the reconstruction that what he decided was necessary for his acoustic purpose would prevail over what the architect wanted for his esthetic ends. One would assume that this is always so—that the acoustic expert's view is always deferred to; and in the case of the original Philharmonic Hall it was reasonable to think the bad acoustics were the result of mistaken decisions by Leo Beranek. Fairness requires correction of this idea: his original specifications for the hall were not adopted by the architect, who regarded him as someone to contrive good acoustics for the successsive sizes and shapes that were considered and the one that was finally adopted. This was the reason for the "clouds" that Beranek devised for the ceiling; and he planned them to be movable, to permit their being adjusted for acoustic purposes; but the Lincoln Center administration, to save money, decided that they were to be immovable; and because of strikes and other delays Beranek had to fix their positions a few months before the hall was completed. I know nothing about Beranek's work except friends' reports of the marvelous acoustics he achieved in the auditorium of Dartmouth College's Hopkins Center; and I am not contending that his original specifications would have produced perfection in Philharmonic Hall, but only pointing out that the actual hall with its bad acoustics was not built in accordance with those specifications. No doubt Harris was aware of the bad acoustics of New York State Theater, in which the architect's esthetic bad taste prevailed over the acoustic consultant's expertise.

Books Considered

The Widow's Children by Paula Fox

(Dutton; $8.95)

Years ago, I heard Elizabeth Bowen give a lecture on the difficulties of writing a novel. Describing the Retreat from Moscow, she inferred, was nothing compared to getting people to move from one room to another: why were they moving? how much should one go into why and how? I seem to recall her saying that Virginia Woolf, having once spent three months separating her characters from their *boeuf en daube*, was stuck with them for another six, hanging about in the passage.

Elizabeth Bowen implied that this problem of short-distance transit was an artistic nuisance; but I think she meant one to accept it also as a cultural fact which the artistic difficulty merely reflected; as a cogent paradox for our times, when moving from country to country and from world to world has become easy, but getting to the airport is still the worst part of the trip. Being stuck seems to be as much one of our myths as being lost was for the Ancient Greeks: Ulysses' wandering translates for us into a day of circling Dublin, and hell is the locked room of Sartre's *No Exit* or the mindless after-dinner paralysis of Buñuel's *Exterminating Angel*.

Paula Fox's most recent novel, *The Widow's Children*, is about being stuck. It is spare and understated, and so intensely cool that it becomes sometimes unpleasant to read. Its first 150 pages are an experience of pure claustrophobia. But it is also the most elegant exploration I have read of the chaos of modern life, and of the inertia and deprivations on which that chaos rests.

The plot is almost non-existent: two of the characters are about to leave for a trip to Africa, and three others have come to have a farewell supper with them. There are three Maldonadas (a name which my atrocious Spanish tempts me to read as "recipient of evil"). Laura, who is extravagant and ruthless, her rejected and timid daughter, Clara, and her brother Carlos, a gentle, feline failure, full of affection and social warmth. There is also Desmond Clapper, Laura's second husband, who, like her first, lives mainly to get drunk, and Peter Rice, an old friend, who works in a publishing house.

They talk about Moroccan dancing girls and Ecuadorian profiles; Laura, who is described as *"una viajera,"* has traveled over several continents, but insists there are only six of them. In image and in memory, the characters comprehend the world. But in fact they are in a hotel room and doomed to get little further. Far from reaching Africa, they will be lucky if they can struggle out of the room, through the passage, and to the restaurant where they expect to eat. The restaurant is called *Le Canard Privé*, which translates equally well into *The Caged Duck* or *The Private Illusion*.

That pun informs the novel. Illusion and the state of being caged are synonymous, so closely interwoven that it is impossible to say where cause becomes effect. What Paula Fox describes is the human animal removed from its natural habitat and placed in the artifice of contemporary life. The atmosphere of this environment leaves the hotel room without air, and causes the potted ferns in the lobby to be plastic; when she says she is dizzy from lack of oxygen, Clara is dissuaded from going outside, and told instead to imagine a pond in spring. Nature has been subverted into the fake equivalents of a zoo landscape, and the zoo animals prowl about deprived, perverted and confused by this alien, captive existence. But still, their animal nature clings to them like nostalgia; all the Maldonadas are fond of apes and monkeys, Carlos walks like a cat, Peter makes noises like a seagull, Clara pretends she is a brood of baby possums nestling in a spoon, and recalls how her father, dead drunk, barked like a dog. It is her mother, Laura, however, whose jungle needs remain paramount and obvious, despite their perversion from natural grandeur into a sort of mean anarchy. She derogates human dignity: "'Tell me about the dignity of leopards! Of cockroaches! But don't tell me about the dignity of man!'" She is a bigot. She throws tantrums and glasses. She is not entirely human: "She felt that. . .she was cut off forever from speech, that if she spoke, there would be no words, only a barbaric gibbering. . . ." But even she has been trained into a gross version of civilization, and in the sequence where we see her most intimately, wild with grief, soaked with rain, she is also desperate to urinate, her jungle wildness pathetically at odds with her inability to satisfy this simple impulse.

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As with other animals shut up in zoos, the outstanding danger of captivity is infertility, disruption of mating and breeding habits. The race is dying out. Carlos is homosexual; Laura, who has had four abortions, seems eager to devour the one child she allowed by accident to be born; the daughter herself is involved in a presumably unreproductive exercise in adultery, while the editor, Peter, is turning from fleshly appetites to the mineral endurance his name suggests.

The result of their captivity, then, is simple: there are unlikely to be survivors. But the causes of their bondage are manifold and reach from their own numbed wills to the crime-besieged city where they are having the farewell dinner. The five *bon voyage* celebrants are occluded from celebration by almost everything: by poverty-marred childhoods, and histories touched with political violence and displacement, by a death in the family, by slow elevators, by buses which may be late, and food which is not what they wanted. As they make their uncertain way from the hotel room down to the street, they are stopped in the corridor by a publisher's party for Randy Cunny, the porno-queen. Their passage past, strewn with false recognitions and specious invitations, is as fraught with dangers as Christian's road through the Slough of Despond. But Paula Fox is infinitely subtle in her definitions; it takes a moment to realize one has met with allegory.

And the book as a whole has an edge of allegory. Like all of us, the characters are most closely confined in their inescapable bondage to each other: "Families hold each other in an iron grip of definition," says Peter to Clara. And of the grandmother who brought her up, Clara says "She was like a locked room I had escaped from." But Clara has not escaped. The single real event in the novel's progress, the grandmother's death, happens before the narrative begins, and only Laura knows about it. Children and grandchildren describe the old woman in their memory of her as a joyful and beautiful innocence, decaying into tired, poor, and painful old age, and meeting the solitary death of Everyman. She is called Alma (the human soul, perhaps, or am I being too simple minded?) and the book's climax is really about nothing more than a decision whether Clara should go to her funeral, and about nothing less than modern man's chance of cutting his losses, turning away from history, the strength of his delusions, and the mad downhill race toward chaos, to remain recognizably human.

By the end of the book one understands that Paula Fox has been writing gently and uninsistently about the rule of chaos and its hold on her characters and our imagination. Peter recalls Laura recurrently as he first saw her on a spring morning, a vision of freedom and possibility, the joys of disorganization. He becomes, in the course of the novel, its protagonist, and he reaches the recognition that his spring epiphany was a sweet delusion. Her friends and relations refer often to Laura's lawlessness, and she becomes the emblem, the raw material of the city's chaos and the anarchy of modern life. She is fond of the word "nothing." "'What you've done is nothing. . .nothing!'" are her last words to Peter. They comprehend all there is.

But she may be right. Without the illusion of freedom inherent in lawlessness, not much seems to be left. Only a sort of modest obedience to human decency and ritual order, exemplified in the funeral itself and in an image of Hassidim on the way there. The book ends with another memory, fragile, fading, Victorian, replacing Peter's golden vision of Laura: ". . .another spring morning. . .when he'd. . .heard, below in the kitchen, the voices of his mother and his sisters, as they went about making breakfast, known the cat and dog had been let out. . .and felt that that day, he only wanted to be good." It would be hard to say if that vision is closer to the truth than the other, or further away.

Fox leaves us with an ambiguous solution. She restricts herself in writing to rigors which equal those to which she restricts her characters. When we meet a squeezed lemon on page 12, we know we will encounter it again because otherwise it would not be there. She extends the limitations she describes in her fiction to include the fact of her writing it. There is something marvelously honorable in her work. Meticulous in observing the unities, she moves through a corner of New York as if she were moving through Thebes. With great economy, she extends five characters to six, then seven, and brings in an occasional messenger, voices of the city, waiters, taxi drivers; the chorus, in short. And in the last chapter, as we cross the bridge to Queens and it is tomorrow, the release from those tight and airless regions in which she has held us is so enormous it feels almost like a promise of redemption.

Edith Milton

Edith Milton's most recent book is *Corridors* (Delacorte).

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On Guilt and Innocence by Herbert Morris

(Univ. of California Press; $8.75)

Herbert Morris is a UCLA professor of philosophy and professor of law whose work over the last decade has been devoted to the philosophical study of the concepts of moral psychology associated with our institutions of law and punishment. The principal moral psychological concepts which interest Morris are those of *guilt* and *shame*. But his analysis quickly reveals how rich the vocabulary of moral psychology is, when it is approached from the angle of jurisprudence. Guilt alone, for example, is in its standard cases "linked to the idea of an imbalance occasioned by some wrong," and thus, in contrast to shame, connects "with ideas such as fault, restoration, confession, making amends, repentance, forgiveness, punishment, justice, excuse."

It is important to keep in mind that Morris' work is philosophical in character rather than psychological or theological, and thus that the concepts in question are examined for their meaning and connections, and not simply invoked in judgment on individuals in particular cases. But such concepts are not narrowly the province of specialists, though they may be given technical meanings in, say, psychoanalysis, or even the law. All of us use them in the regular course of life, but we typically do not (nor are we expected to) investigate them for their

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own sake. But anyone who has ever needed to pass a serious judgment about a person's responsibility for wrongdoing can appreciate the difficulty of being clear about the distinctions and relations among the concepts Morris seeks to elucidate. And judgments of this sort are not by-the-way, for when responsibility for wrongdoing is at stake, then punishment, or perhaps forgiveness or pardon—something—hangs in the balance.

Morris' theorizing is very carefully done, it is written clearly and without jargon, and it does indeed, in my view, illuminate the moral psychological concepts associated with the law. Thus it is as helpful as a philosophical critique can be. Most of these essays and reviews have already appeared in philosophy and law journals. But it is good to have them together in book form, for the work as a whole develops and elaborates themes about guilt and punishment without being repetitious. Morris is in fact one of a handful of contemporary philosophers whose treatment of moral psychology is of central importance in the current frenzied activity in political philosophy and jurisprudence.

A main theme of Morris' treatment is the elucidation of patterns among concepts belonging to certain "models," sometimes called "worlds" or "moralities." Thus, he talks of the "world punishment," the "world of health and sickness," and the "world of the psychoanalyst and his analysand," and he sketches differences between thinking of persons in the terms of a "guilt morality" or perhaps a "shame morality." What is meant here by "world" or "model," or, indeed, by "morality"? Briefly, Morris has in mind "ways of thinking about and responding to individuals," and his descriptive task is to discern, from the standpoint of detached spectator, the most general features of certain familiar ways in which persons can be thought about and treated by others. The models which we thus distinguish are separable, but nevertheless found together in confused juxtapositon in our daily lives with others. The inquiry's normative task is to determine which of them are and which are not morally appropriate to our legal system.

One of Morris' most striking theses is that the model which is attractive to many proponents of the reform of punishment, *viz.* the model of therapy and rehabilitation, is in fact morally inappropriate as a general mode of thought about persons who violate the law. He argues the unpopular view that we have a *right* to punishment ultimately grounded in our natural right to be treated as persons; and his chief objective here is to show that any across-the-board replacement of legal punishment with a system of therapy, rehabilitation, and "cure" is bound to undercut the status of persons as responsible moral agents. But Morris' aim is not to undermine efforts to make our actual penal arrangements more humane, nor is it to reject the validity of legal appeals to mental illness; it is to rather to show that the general substitution of therapy for punishment presumes a view of persons as victims or (mere) "creatures" of their environment rather than as free, rational, autonomous agents capable of recognizing and judging the rights and wrongs of what they do. The widening application in the law of the metaphors of health and sickness may logically be an increasing threat to our conception of ourselves as moral agents engaged in a social life understood as a cooperative venture for mutual gain. For autonomous agents capable of deliberate wrongdoing, punishment may be, on occasion, what is deserved. In this part of his writings, Morris' view reflects the historically important but, until very recently, unfashionable retributivist theory of punishment.

Without ever leaving the subject of punishment Morris leads us into a detailed exploration of guilt, guilt feelings, and the links of these with pain and suffering, and then to a beautiful study of "lost innocence." Morris has a flair for making dark and unlikable theses almost attractive. That we have a right to punishment is one of these; others include the views that guilt is essential to our humanity, that we are, as from Dostoyevsky, "responsible for everything," and that the loss of innocence is in fact a necessary condition of moral wisdom. We may at first want to reject such claims as false, or consider them to be extreme or misleading at best. But Morris' regular strategy is to bring out through analysis what kernels of truth they contain (for "we know too well that the paradoxical reveals the hidden"). Initially, for example, we may be wary of "guilt morality," with its emphasis on deprivation for past actions. Why not seek future benefits from present action? But, after reflection, we may recognize that guilt is connected with caring for others and for ourselves, and thus that those who are or become incapable of it are to that extent disfigured: "to be entirely

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forward looking would reflect negatively on the presence of feelings and dispositons that define for us valued relationships between persons."

Morris' strategy of retrieving insights from paradoxical claims fits his subject-matter nicely, I think, for the moral psychological ideas seem readily to lend themselves to such claims. There are problems in Morris' work, of course. Philosophical analysis at this level involves such sensitivity to ambiguity and nuance that questions of detail and precision are inevitable. But his approach also makes major substantive questions arise. For example, the use of the various "models" may indeed yield, as Morris hopes, "a more informed judgment of the merits of our common moral and legal practices." But it also leads us to ask: *does* the model according to which we are free, rational, autonomous agents capable of responsibility for what we do *apply* to us? This is, I suppose, the classical question of freedom *versus* determinism, and Morris' theory makes us need to raise it, though there is no sustained direct treatment of it in these essays.

Finally, his exploration presumes, as reported above, that gloss on society as a cooperative venture among autonomous agents for their mutual benefit. This is fine for the purpose of elucidating differences among the models of punishment, of health and sickness, and so on, for it helps us see what these models entail in their pristine state. But it nevertheless pushes upon us as problematic the rationale for punishment in less-than-just societies, like our own. For a person may indeed be free, rational and autonomous in the way Morris has in mind, but still, I think, be one of life's social, economic and political losers in a less-than-just society like ours through no fault of his own. But when such a person is naturally driven to crime, is it *right* to inflict legal punishment upon him? It is hard to say that he *deserves* punishment, for he is, in the terms of Morris' gloss, hardly a cooperating member of our joint venture for mutual gain. But his finding himself outside the joint venture is not a fate he has earned; and it cannot be said either that he deserves it. How exactly the model of punishment is to be fitted into the complexity of a less-than-just society remains elusive.

Norman S. Care

Norman S. Care is professor of philosophy at Oberlin College.

From Oedipus to Moses: Freud's Jewish Identity by Marthe Robert

(Anchor Press/Doubleday; $2.95)

In *From Oedipus to Moses: Freud's Jewish Identity*, Marthe Robert repeatedly adds material, draws implications, and changes the emphasis, in a life that is fairly familiar, to give Freud a rich and well-defined Jewish identity. Thus Ernest Jones records a grandfather and a great-grandfather as rabbis; Robert notes that Jakob, Sigmund's father, a wool-merchant, was also a Hebraist and Biblicist. Jones translates the Hebrew inscription in the Bible Jakob gave Sigmund on his 35th birthday; Robert argues from this that Sigmund had a considerable Hebrew knowledge, despite his denials. For analytic purposes, Jones relates Freud to an older nephew, John; to show his ethnic loyalty, Robert discusses Freud's bond to his Hebrew teacher, Samuel Hammerschlag, a bond so close that he named a daughter after his niece Sophia. Erikson quotes Freud's B'nai B'rith address of 1926, proclaiming his intellectual independence of the "compact majority;" Robert renders this as a Viennese Jewish tradition.

Robert's book is a rich mine of information about Viennese Jewry; but it is essentially a retelling of Freud's self-analysis, worked out against conflicts inherent in the situation of Viennese Jewry. Her discussion resembles the method of Karen Horney, who saw neurotic responses as rooted in social ambivalence and contradiction. Thus, the first two chapters describe the Jewish background in which Freud was rooted, and the split between the two cultures that Freud had to resolve to come to himself. Chapter Three describes Freud's professional situation, beginning his self-analysis. The crucial Chapter Four, the longest in the book, goes through his self-analysis in painstaking detail. A concluding Chapter Five then extends the process of self-discovery to Freud's sense of the Jew in history by a discussion of *Moses and Monotheism*.

The Freud that emerges from Robert's book is a believable and moving human being; but he has been rather cut down to the size of Vienna. Robert sees Freud as a rationalist on the analogy of westernized Jewish figures like Einstein and Bergson. But there is a touch of the exorcist in Freud, a summoner of psychic figures larger than life, a Michaelangelo reach in presences like Moses, the primordial father, the archetypal hysteric. The dictum, "Where id is, there ego shall be," has a Faustian flavor, but a Faust who clung to his soul, remaining a doctor to the end. The scope of Freud's undertaking will not altogether fit a Viennese bed.

Indeed, Robert's rehearsal of Freud's drama of self-discovery should not obscure unresolved and embattled elements in his temperament and career. Thus Robert's careful rendering of Freud's self-analysis begs the question of how complete it was. The Freud family was something of a clan, whose vicissitudes might well blur Freud's father image. Jones describes Sigmund as the oldest son of a second marraige to a vivacious and long-lived woman, much younger than Jakob. Erich Fromm discusses his extraordinary bond throughout his mother's lifetime. Freud himself acknowledged that Jakob early carried a grandfather image. Curiously enough, Freud himself was named Schlomo after Jakob's father. Jones records a youthful fantasy, pairing off his half-brother Philipp and his mother. His intense ambivalence regarding his nephew John, older than himself, suggests a by-passing of generations, as does the family plan to send Sigmund to Manchester, to marry Pauline, the daughter of a half-brother established there.

One has a feeling that to some extent, Freud sidestepped the Oedipal chain, or saw it in double focus. To some extent, Freud played with his origins. This bears on Freud's historic speculations, his splitting of Moses in two, one Egyptian, the other Hebraic, his speculations that Shakespeare was French, his name a corruption of Jacques Pierre. Even his shift of *Moses and Monotheism* from a novel to a history suggests some play with historic identity. Anthropologists and Semitists vary from indifference to outrage in reaction to such approaches to matters of history.

A more serious question is how far social ambivalence will carry us in Freud. To put it baldly: just how Viennese was Freud, and just how kosher a Jew? In his autobiography, Freud traces his family back to the Rhineland through Lithuania and Galicia, suggesting a rather continental identity. Freud was born in Freiburg, a Czech, not a Germanic city. The family kept close touch with relations in Rumania and England. I have seen a record (not in Jones) of

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Freud's boyhood name as Sigismund, changed to the Germanic Sigmund in his late teens. The family suggests immigrant New York, where education was consolidated in a hurry against the grim experience of exile.

This bears on so small a matter as Jakob's choice of his son's 35th birthday to give him his personal Bible. Robert recalls a central European tradition, dating a man's maturity to his 35th birthday. But given his rabbinic lineage, Jakob would see the 35th birthday as beginning the second half of a lifespan of 70 years. In Orthodox numerology, the number 18 is emblematic of life. I still recall immigrant synagogues where 36-dollar donations were shouted out as "twice *Chai*," or a double life. To give the Book of Life beginning the second half of life suggests a promise of a double life. Such matters bear on Freud's access on a folk level to the material of Kabbalah. Robert herself quotes Kafka's comment in a letter to Franz Werfel that Freud's work was a "Rashi commentary" on contemporary Jewry. She is far too stringent in how far she would allow such a contribution.

Robert opens her footnotes with a lengthy dismissal of David Bakan's book, *Sigmund Freud and the Jewish Mystical Tradition*. Since I was a consulting editor during the writing of that book, I might comment on her description of Bakan's point of view. Freud was, as Robert correctly insists, an extreme rationalist, with no sympathy for either religion or religious *weltanschauung*. He thoroughly mistrusted mysticism. Bakan rather argues habits of thought, methods of unlocking secret language, and the exploration of enigmatic statements for hidden truths about the human psyche.

Indeed, Jung's work has influenced the systematic reading of religious ideas as psychic forces writ large. Thus the relentless iconoclasm of the Sabbatarian movement suspended all higher law in a search for fragments of divinity, trapped and locked in the lower parts of the universe. These trapped fragments of divinity are unlocked by a fresh attunement of spirit and a reverend violation of accepted moral law. This has an extraordinary resonance in the process of repression. The conscious derivation of an idea is not argued here, merely a folk memory of repressed and forbidden ideas and a value system asking to be turned on its head.

Lurianic Kabbalah, in which Harold Bloom has shown some interest, laid the theoretical foundation for the Sabbatarian movement. Following Jung in translating religious ideas into psychic process, Lurianic creation might be described as God emptying out a hollow within Himself (a divine womb, a divine female), into which He shot a stream of divine essence (impregnation), that ripped its containing vessel apart, releasing sparks of trapped and disordered divinity (repressed libido). The framework of ideas was Lurianic; the resulting emancipation in actual behavior was Sabbatarian. Freud's closing sentence in *Totem and Taboo*, "In the beginning was the deed," with its manifest reversal of the opening of the Gospel of John, has a thorough Sabbatarian ring.

Robert questions Freud's access to such material; but there is no need to trace it to the family home in Buchach, apparently a Sabbatarian stronghold. Gerschom Scholem has argued a widespread grassroots knowledge of the Sabbatarian heresy among Central European Jews, relating it to the beginning of the German Reform movement. The link would require only an occasional learned reference from Jakob Freud or Hammerschlag to their son and pupil. Indeed, given Jakob's sense of humor, his learning and partial emancipation, I would be astounded if it did not come up more than once in the conversations of father and son. Robert's book is the most suggestive source for threads of communication by which such ideas could have reached Freud as a boy.

Judah Stampfer

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The Boardwalk
By Robert Kotlowitz

(Knopf; $8.95)

In kind, Robert Kotlowitz's second novel stands directly and unabashedly in what is by now the antique tradition of the Jewish family novel as well as in the still older one of "portrait of the artist" as an awakening boy. The boardwalk of the title is the "other" one—Atlantic City's (as against Coney Island's, that old set-piece of New York-based fiction); the time is 1939 on the threshold of the Nazi invasion of Poland (with some earlier flashbacks); the setting is a "Jewish" family hotel, Sloan's, formerly Solomon's; and the narrative unfolds within a two-week period—in that dark time, the standard vacation. Teddy Lewin, at 14 preternaturally bright and a gifted pianist, is the central figure, observer, recorder, participant, registering the flow of life as it washes over and around him—that of his immediate family and relatives, the guest assigned to his table in the hotel dining room, the more peripheral ones who come and go adding density if not light to the scene, the silent reproachful ladies on the veranda of the nearby "Gentile" hotel, fascinated and repelled by all that unseemly Jewish tumult.

Unexpectedly for this kind of novel, there are no explosive scenes, no illuminations or transformations, no turning-points, no (if the posh word still lives) epiphanies—no moment of radiant understanding and recognition and sudden insight into the nature of self and the world toward which the action has been implacably moving almost below the level of awareness. Only the routine dailiness of life: conversation at the dinner table, shifts in the weather, sunbathing and swimming, a family visit, the breakfast menu and Sunday buffet, some amorous or quasi-amorous play involving a pallid maiden lady trembling on the edge of permanent spinsterhood, and one of those perennial bachelors, a middle-aged boy without whom no summer hotel register would be complete. . .and the glittering, thunderous boardwalk. "Hold fast in life to the nature of ordinary things," remarks Gus Levi, the resident Jewish philosopher, "for they have the power to console." In Atlantic City, in 1939, that sort of thing seemed deep and abiding, to an adolescent, however clever, however adroit at Bach inventions.

Not only to Teddy: the novel itself assents in that judgment, as though it had been written by the protagonist now grown to manhood but otherwise not fundamentally changed; or as though the writer were ascribing to the boy attitudes and perceptions he had yet to attain to; or as though there were some unresolved confusion between the two states embedded in the novel. The fact is that Gus Levi, presented to us insistently as an intellectual and sage, is merely sententious and, though perfectly nice in an avuncular way, something of a bore. His addiction to the "first

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section," in particular to the editorial page, of our greatest newspaper is offered as sufficient reason for homage paid him. So, too, with Teddy's older brother Ben, a Johns Hopkins undergraduate whose brilliance is steadily insisted upon, whereas all we see is a turbulent adolescent disposed to say far more than he knows. He talks of Marx but reads *The Good Earth*; he also sulks and smolders, shaking his fist at Providence.

These, of course, are, or were, stock characters: the benign Talmud-quoting elder who's seen it all, the passionate youth who wants to implant justice, like a sapling, at the earth's core, this minute; and also the rich, slyly patronizing aunt and family matriarch entrenched in money and power, and Teddy's father, Jack Lewin (formerly Levin, until his boss and brother-in law decided it was time for a small change—what's one letter, for God's sake, when it's good for business?), compliant, dependent, the poor relation, a nice guy and amiable victim who, as his ox of a father keeps reminding him, doesn't even make a lousy ten grand after all these years of chattel slavery, while his wife Bea—Teddy's mother, attractive, vain, restless, ambitious, a younger sister in all senses—applies subtler pressures. So familiar are the characters that we feel we know them by a single physical attribute, even by their position in the family. Perhaps this is itself one of the achievements of this kind of novel, that it should have so inhabited and domesticated imagination; but it also creates massive problems for the novelist who follows in its wake, that he should come helplessly to see reality by the terms it has established.

When he departs from these terms, the results can be meager. Refugees from Hitler's Germany, father and son, sit at the table throughout the book (ominously the women of the family remain behind, and we can be certain of their fate); but, astonishingly, little or nothing is made of them. Teddy befriends the boy but the boy remains a silent shadow barely visible; the father, as we'd have guessed, loves Wagner, and Teutonically practices his English by reading *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, dictionary in hand, but he too is little more than a presence. Neither has any dramatic weight at all. We await some terrible burning; nothing happens. A loaded gun has been placed conspicuously on stage; but it never goes off. In that case, why are they there?

Uneasily, we have sensed the reason why early on, though we have no way of knowing this. Events, actions, gestures occur because they occured in life; cahracters are present because they *were* present. The book, that is, gives unmistakable evidence of being poised uneasily between fiction and memoir, possessing more of the remembered fixity of the one than the imaginative amplitude of the other. Details abound which are there for no other discernible reason; and so with the thronging guests who are never admitted into anything like full view. At times this works to fine effect: the sexually restless mother glimpsed by the spying boy in a revealing moment; the equally restless father hovering about a responsive woman guest; both done with a delicate touch to tell all we need to know about the marriage. But other, central characters—Levi, the older brother, the refugees, indeed the parents themselves—do not truly expand into life, fill the book's imaginative space; and this is also the case with important themes—for example, the adolescent "homosexual" encounters, Oedipal panic, incestuous quivering: introduced, tentatively explored, or merely noted, quickly abandoned, left behind without consequence or resonance, as if they had never been.

Yet what works against the book as fiction sometimes works wonderfully well for it as memoir: the feel and look of the weather and seascape, the churning life of the boardwalk, the weary girls rehearsing for the Miss America contest, the colors, textures, appointments of interiors—all done with the impressive finesse of a talented writer who has not yet found his way with his material; who doesn't (in Lawrence's phrase) get the statues clean away from the marble.

Don't let them get you, Ben warns him, referring contemptuously to the rich relatives, the allrightniks and philistines; they'll try to get you, they won't be happy until they've captured you—don't let it happen. No danger of that, the book asks us to believe; this is a portrait of the artist; Teddy won't be trapped into selling two-by-fours to housing contractors and playing golf at the "good"country club. Yet in a way they do get him, in the prose, where it counts: it throbs and glows with the fatal fascination of money; those rich interiors, so beheld with rapt awe, are plastered and hung with money. And Teddy himself, for all that this is "his" book, remains an enigma, not so much mysterious as unknown, undiscovered—bright and gifted no doubt but maddeningly bland, bloodless, finally in the end as in the beginning uninteresting.

Saul Maloff

Saul Maloff's most recent novel is *Heartland* (Scribners).

Christmas Quiz Answers

1. Given Names

a. St. Francis of Assisi
b. Cyd Charisse
c. O. Henry
d. Willy Brandt
e. Pope John XXIII

2. States of the Union

a. Maryland
b. Illinois. By statute from 1923 to 1969 the official language was American.
c. Alaska
d. Delaware
e. Alaska

3. Odd Man Out

a. Edwin Denby was never Vice President.
b. Gunther Schuller is not a psychoanalyst.
c. Tony Martin is not a pitcher.
d. F. Scott Fitzgerald never won the Nobel Prize.
e. Francisco Franco died of natural causes.

4. 1976 Politics

a. Henry Jackson
b. Rogers C. B. Morton
c. Donald Riegle

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d. Mrs. Walter Mondale
e. Peter Rodino

5. Higher Education

a. University of Toronto
b. Harvard
c. George Washington
d. Stanford
e. Harvard

6. Beginnings

a. *Babbitt*
b. *The Pilgrim's Progress*
c. *The Great Gatsby*
d. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*
e. *The Two of Us*

7. Music

a. 104
b. Al Dubin
c. Charles Ives
d. Billy Strayhorn
e. Eight

8. Monarchy

a. Great-great grandson
b. Prince Andrew
c. Bokassa I of the Central African Empire.
d. Henry VII
e. William IV

9. Show Biz—Movies

a. Waldo Lydecker
b. *Something's Got to Give*
c. Bebe Daniels
d. Fredric March and Janet Gaynor
e. Tony Martin

10. Show Biz—Television

a. "The Today Show," "The Hathaways"
b. Howard K. Smith
c. "The Addams Family"
d. George Burns and Gracie Allen
e. William Frawley

The Back of the Book

The Posh Bars of Anchorage

The older woman, Emma, was fifty years old or even more. She had on powder, rouge, lipstick, carried a wide-brimmed straw hat and wore string driving gloves.

The man, Frank, was perhaps thirty-five years old. He was an athletic man, who took pride in his body's condition.

And the girl, Mary Louise, was only seventeen or eighteen—pale-haired and pretty.

They were on the south shore of Sable Lake. Emma was supposed to have gone back to the city—and she hadn't been supposed to have known about Mary Louise.

But, as Emma said to Frank, "I have had my eye on you. And so I found you and the girl, whoever she is, and your new canoe."

Discovering a new literary genre is no small matter, so I better get straight to it. The genre is flap literature (hereafter called flap lit.), and is exemplified by the passage quoted above. This passage refers to *The Way to the Old Sailors Home*, a forthcoming novel by Thomas Baird. It is not from Baird's book, but from the publisher's enticement to the book—flap lit., the condensed copy on bound galleys, or in its more polished form, on the inside flaps of book jackets. You may be baffled by the Baird quotation, but that is only from unfamiliarity with the genre. Other literary forms such as the aubade, ballad, villanelle and sonnet have their peculiar traits, and so does this one.

The difficulty with the Baird passage, beside some awkward verb tenses, is that we come upon it cold, without the slightest idea who Emma, Frank and Mary Louise are; we can only guess the uses of Frank's canoe. The copy goes on to say that eventually all three characters climb into Frank's canoe, but that doesn't help much. No more than does the summary: "*The Way to the Old Sailors Home* isn't especially funny—but it is fine, and is rather a mixture of *Ethan Frome* and *The African Queen*." Yet if we try to figure out what such a mixture would be, we're off base at the start, because the beauty of flap lit.—and the Baird passage is classic—is how it compresses both plot and criticism beyond intelligibility.

Compression of plot is the signal strength of the genre, and for sheer exhilaration of speed there has never been a literary form like it. This is from the flap of *The Black Death*, a novel by Gwyneth Cravens and John S. Marr:

A teenage girl, returning from a camping trip, is hustled by a pimp at the crowded bus terminal. She coughs in his face, then coughs at the doorman in her apartment building—and plague, the ancient scourge, is loose in Manhattan.

One thinks of the comparative sluggishness of Camille's cough, and how little it accomplished. In flap lit., however, all action, interior and actual, must hustle. Thus in Joyce Rebeta Burditt's *The Cracker Factory*, the heroine is "struggling and wisecracking her way through alcoholism and life in the psychiatric ward of the Cleveland General Hospital." In *An American Company: The Tragedy of United Fruit* by Thomas McCann (sic), "along came Eli Black, rabbi, corporate raider, and financial paper juggler. In a series of bewildering, and perhaps illegal, stock maneuvers, he gained control of United Fruit, nearly bankrupted the company, and exited by his office window." No rabbi ever moved so fast.

You might think that a great deal would be lost from a lack of complexities and causalities in the genre, yet flap lit. gains as much from the absence of reason as do other forms from its presence. The effect is not the processional mounting of feeling one has in a novel, or the ceremonial knowledge an elegy gives; rather it is more like being pushed from behind by a panicked mob or suddenly sucked forward, as on to subway tracks.

For example, *The Hospital Ship* by Martin Bax is

an account of an atomic-powered ark attempting to salvage a "remnant" from a world whose recent wars have resulted in the total loss of both social and individual stability. At first, skilled medical teams from the ironically named ship, the Hopeful, *pick up casualties from what seem to be local incidents. But as the crew treats these victims of mass psychosis—intensely withdrawn men and women, autistic children—all signs point toward a world-wide disaster. Psychiatrist Sir Maximov Flint joins the ship and introduces his own solution—love therapy. His two prize*

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patients are V, a Saigon prostitute, and W, a demoralized Wall Street broker—each a casualty of twentieth-century madness. On shore, the holocaust spreads.

The key line is the last. Even while Sir Maximov is making a VW out of "twentieth-century madness," the world ashore has gone from a mere "loss of social and individual stability" to a "holocaust." Speed within speed it is, yet almost a crawl compared to the flap of *The Brink* by Richard Setloe: "Lieutenant junior grade Charley Rohr, the All-American Boy, is hauled wham-bam out of an officer's whore house in Japan to launch World War Three." In *The Damascus Cover* by Howard Kaplan

A young Israeli spy has been captured by the Syrian Secret Police and is being tortured in a prison in Damascus. One of the interrogators pulls out a pistol and shoots the Israeli's arm off. If he doesn't give them the information they want, they will shoot off the other arm. And then the leg.

With a plot like this, speed is essential.

Compression in flap lit. isn't solely used for events, but for critical commentary as well. (Incidentally, flap lit. is the only literary genre that both describes and exalts itself in a single context; its oratorical counterpart is used by Presidents when announcing cabinet appointments.) One advantage of conjoining description with criticism is that it obviates the need for literary criticism from the outside, and so performs a social service. The flap on *The Black Death*, for example, tells us directly that the novel contains "suspense, excellent writing, [and] fascinating facts about the plague," a most difficult combination. *The Voices of Guns*, the "definitive and dramatic story of the Symbionese Liberation Army," describes itself as a "sensitive, politically astute, and exclusively documented account, factually and passionately written"—not easy either. Carlos Fuentes' new novel, *Terra Nostra*, "ranges through all levels of society and touches on every aspect of human experience, action, and thought." And John Gardner's *October Light* is "in its quiet, delicate way, a love story and a religious story. Comic and serious, endearing yet cruel."

Compression also leads to subtleties in the genre which are not found elsewhere. Little phrases such as "brilliantly authentic" (*The Winter Spy* by Paul Henissart), or the designation of *Assassinations in Our Time* as "a lively and stimulating text," or the description of *The Last Rush North* by Bruce Dobler as ranging "from the high rise executive suites and posh bars of Anchorage to remote base camps" make one pause. The jacket on *The New Mencken Letters* edited by Carl Bode portrays Mencken as "a cherub on a spree, with his bright blue eyes, his grin, and his rakish cigar"—the new look for cherubs? The flap for *Majesty*, a biography of Elizabeth II by Robert Lacey, refers parenthetically to "the Duke's [Windsor] Nazi flirtation," which makes it hard to determine if "Nazi" is used as an adjective or noun, and is a striking combination of words in any case. The hero of *Who Is Teddy Villanova?* by Thomas Berger is both an "underwear fetishist" and "the archenemy of social meliorism." Just as well.

These odd juxtapositions are like metaphysical conceits which yoke together elements otherwise rarely connected. Diane Balson's *Yo-Yo*, a "brilliantly funny, touching, sad, moving, ironic and disturbing" novel, as we'd expect, is also "the work of a mind which got caught in a crosswind between Franz Kafka and Woody Allen," which is unusual. In *Doctor, Lawyer* by Colin Wilcox, a Dr. Gordon Ainsley, who had been "a practicing philanderer" is murdered. Two days later so is Jonathan Bates, a lawyer who had been "a practicing homosexual." Since we are dealing with doctors and lawyers, "practicing" could refer to their professions, yet the nouns modified suggest a stick-to-itiveness which enlarges them as characters.

Flap lit. is a democratic genre, and a flap's effectiveness does not depend on the quality of the book it presents. Even if flaps had existed centuries ago there would be precious little difference between the jackets on masterpieces and the jackets on junk. Hardy's *The Mayor of Casterbridge* could hardly be outdone by a cover explaining that Michael Henshard, a hay-tresser and drunkard, sells his wife and child to a sailor at a fair, and soon after becomes rich, respected and the Mayor of Casterbridge, only to re-marry his wife and return to drink. The plots of *Oliver Twist*, *Macbeth*, the *Odyssey*, or *Paradise Lost* would sound no more bizarre in flap lit. compression. Neither would *Exodus*: "The story of God and his mortal friend, Moses, who threatened by Pharaoh gets God to infest Pharaoh's land with frogs, flies, boils, hail and locusts, while at the same time keeping Pharaoh obdurate. A story filled with suspense, excellent writing, and fascinating facts about plague."

Little is known of the people who write flap copy (flappists) but they must have an extraordinary way of perceiving experience. They seem able to translate every adventure into summary automatically, and yet provide more than mere reportage, so that when asked how the day at the office went, they probably conclude that it was comic yet poignant, steeped in wit and humanity. Flappists are anonymous, like Renaissance court poets, but they shoulder a burden in preserving a genre, and should be preserved themselves. Anyone who can write this, for *The Seventh Power* by James Mills—

Princeton man, Bobby French, an "Establishment" black, harbors an obsessive drive to set right the unequal distribution of the world's wealth. He enlists his classmate Aizy Tate, a quirky genius in nuclear physics, and Stoop, a street-smart Harlem black expert in every kind of thievery, including how to steal plutonium—

is a kind of wizard.

Finally, every genre must justify itself in terms of appropriateness to its times, and for this flap lit. not only promises to become a recognized form but a prosperous one. What form of literature is better suited to an age when varieties of emotional and intellectual experience are so happily compressed into cults, groups, sects, and afternoons? Already whole books begin to read like flap lit. Soon we could have flap lit. alone—no substance inside, just titles and flaps, so that literature and life could once again correspond. Now that would be a story worth a flap.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correction

In the December 25, 1976 issue of *The New Republic*, an article entitled "Ten Years Out" by T.D. Allman reported erroneously that Peter Baldwin Schwab, a member of the Harvard class of 1966, committed suicide in 1971. In fact, Mr. Schwab died of a heart attack. The article also reported incorrectly that Mr. Schwab, while an undergraduate, was a member of Young Americans for Freedom. *The New Republic* deeply regrets this error.

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The Classifieds

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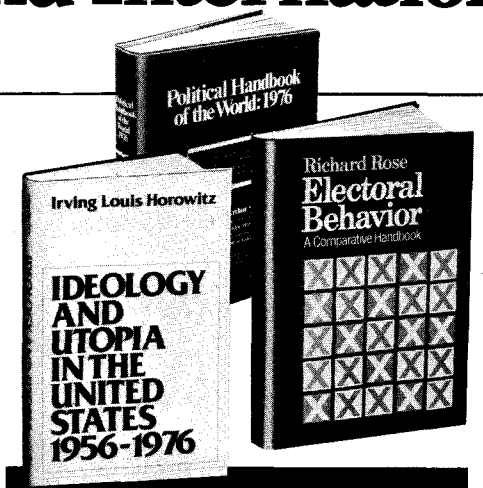
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